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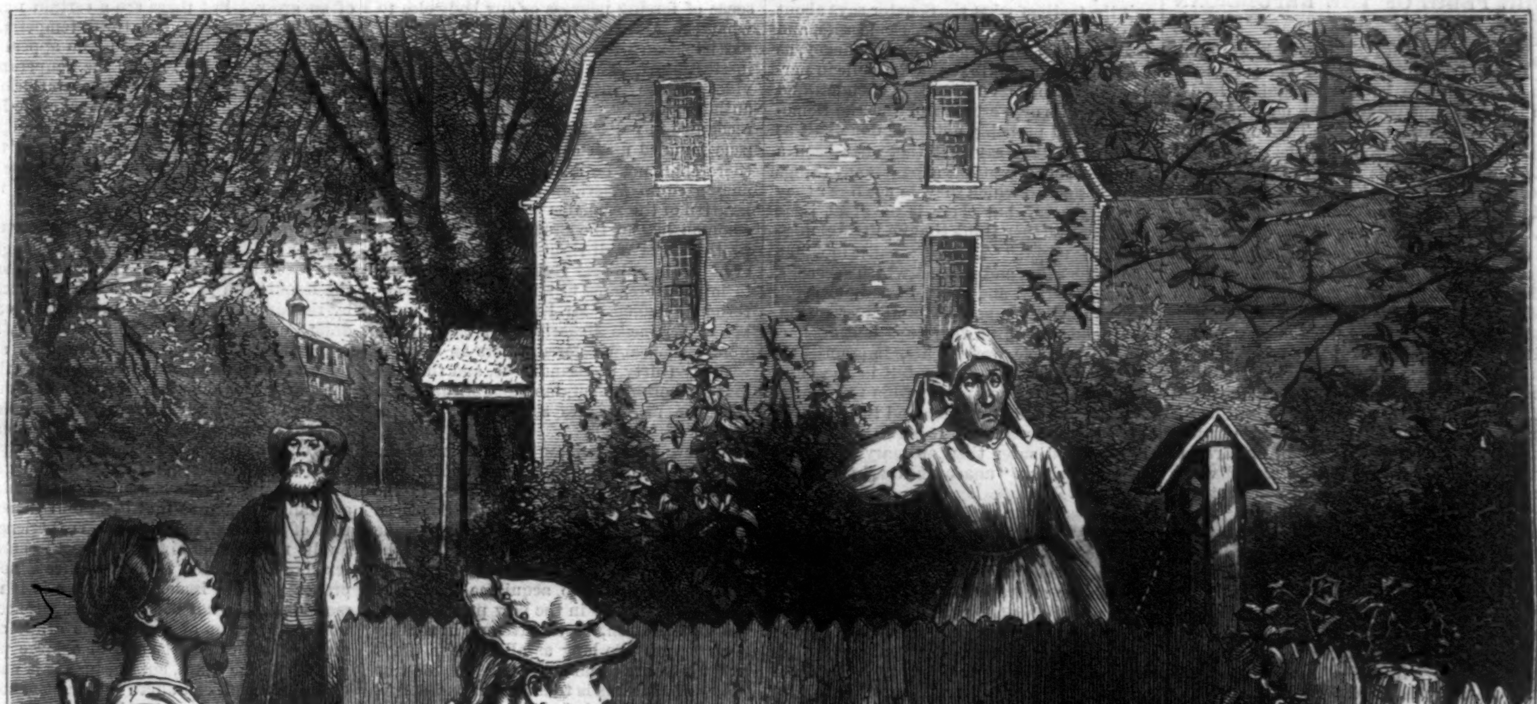

THE LITTLE VAGRANT.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Poem on Page 694.]

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 22, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "Making Hay," and another installment of "The Treasure Hunters."

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE PERIL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

SENATOR MORTON'S speech at Terre Haute is significant for many reasons. In the first place, he is a recognized leader in the dominant party, and a man of undeniable force and ability. Then he is believed to represent the opinions of Western Republicans, and his speech is the first important address of the autumn campaign. Moreover, he is supposed to be, as Mr. Disraeli said the other day of Mr. Gladstone, a candidate for the position of Prime Minister, which in this country is called the Presidency; and withal he is accounted a shrewd politician, who knows how far and how positively it is politic to go. The view of the situation which Mr. Morton takes may be inferred by those who are familiar with his mental habit. The conflict is this year, in his judgment, as it has been and will be for many years, between the familiar parties; and this because the Democratic party is merely the organization of the "outs," without any consistent principle or coherent policy except a burning desire to get "in," while the Republican party is founded upon principles rather than measures, and will address itself to new questions as they arise. This is specious, but unsound, of course, for what possible guarantee can there be that a new question may not rend the party? Men may act together as the Republican party to exclude slavery from the Territories, and it may be safely inferred that they will also act together in defense of equal civil rights. But upon what grounds can it be supposed that Mr. Morton and Mr. Conkling, for instance, will both advocate inflation because they both advocated equal suffrage? The reason for opposing the Democratic party is that our politics deal both with old and new questions, and upon the old and still open questions it is fatally wrong, and upon the new there is no evidence that it is right.

This, indeed, Mr. Morton proceeds to show. He points out that upon the new question of the finances his Democratic opponents in Indiana propose a double repudiation, by making a new greenback to pay the five-twenties, and by repealing the pledge of gold payment under which for five years the bonds have been bought and sold. Upon the financial question Mr. Morton is himself fatally unsound; but he certainly shows that the Democratic party of his State is very much more so. He shows, further, that in the debate upon the civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution the Democrats merely appeal to a mischievous and inhuman prejudice, and by their party history and alliances are pledged to hostility to the colored race. The Democratic dallying with the temperance question is also keenly exposed by the Senator, who, in treating the transportation question, was very wary, but said that Congress could appoint commissioners to regulate rates for freight and passengers upon all inter-State railroads, to prevent extortions and impositions. Here, however, the Senator was evidently not quite sure of his ground, suggesting great moderation and as little interference as possible. As for the tariff, Mr. Morton is sure that it will be maintained substantially as it is during this generation; while in regard to Canadian reciprocity he says that so long as Canada chooses to remain a part of Great Britain she should be consistently treated as such. His tariff argument was that which is always most powerful upon the stump, the pauper labor of Europe and the paying tribute to foreign countries, with the assertion that the arguments of political economy upon the subject are theories and "the beauties of free trade." He avoided really entering upon the subject, but expressed himself strongly in favor of protection.

Senator Morton's address is a capital campaign speech, and the Democrats must wince as they reflect that they have nobody in the State to oppose him upon equal terms. The speech of Governor Hendricks at their Convention was most feeble and ineffective in comparison with the sledge-hammer blows of Mr. Morton. And yet clever as the speech is, and heartily as we sympathize with much that the Senator says, it does not meet, and no speech can exactly meet, the real danger that threatens the Republican party. It is easy to show logically and conclusively that no actual reform or progress, or greater honesty or wiser administration, is to be expected from the Democratic party than from the Republican. There is, therefore, as between the two, no sound reason for not supporting the Republican. But, unhappily, politics do not always proceed upon sound reasons. Probably among Senator Morton's auditors there were some plain, thoughtful Republican Hoosiers, who listened intently, and who, with approving nod, as the orator rounded his sentences, said to themselves, "That's so," and yet who are by no means sure either to vote upon election-day or to vote the Republican ticket.

They are not, indeed, logical. They admit the truth of what the Senator says about the parties. They are not Democrats, and have no wish for Democratic ascendency, as such. They agree that the Republican party has punished its own official offenders and corrected its own errors, and that the Democrats would probably not have done half as well. But they say that there has been a great deal of corruption; a great many things have happened which they do not like: they are very sorry, but there is no great issue pending, and they think that "a little change would be useful." This is the spirit in which the danger lies, and against which speeches, however logical and eloquent and powerful, are as ineffective as bullets against cotton. Politicians are often very impatient of character, principle, sentiments, impracticable views, etc., etc. But they tell in the long-run. This feeling springs from the leadership of unsatisfactory men and the adoption of doubtful measures. It is the logic which is finer and surer than ordinary logic, and which explains "unaccountable" results in elections.

This being the real peril of the Republican party, how is it to be met? There is but one way. Certainly it is not by "pointing with pride" to what has been done, proud though the record be. It is not by the mere logic of argument, that as the party has done this, so it will do that. It is only by the frankest declaration of a truly wise, humane, and courageous policy made by those whose characters interpret and illuminate every word, and embodied in nominations of men whose names are their credentials. Of course we should not omit any just argument or appeal. We should not fail to show that the chances of peace, prosperity, and progress are very much greater under the ascendency of a party with the antecedents, impulse, and character of the Republican than under that of its opponents. But we should also wish to show that the word and deed of the hour invited the surest faith that change must necessarily be loss. The Republican Convention of New York is called for the 23d of September. Let it remember the brethren who begin to think that a little change would be useful, and act accordingly.

COLOR AND RIGHTS.

The resolutions of the Alabama Democratic Convention undoubtedly express the real feeling of the Democratic party toward the colored citizens—a feeling which is strongly expressed in the platform of the Indiana Democracy, and which constantly appears in Democratic speeches and newspapers. It deserves careful consideration amidst the general chorus that the past is past, that old issues are dead, and that he is a madman and no patriot who tries to rekindle exhausted fires. The Alabama Democratic platform asserts the essential superiority of the white race, denounces the colored citizens as an ignorant and barbarous race, which is justly excluded from social intercourse with the higher, offers the right hand of fellowship to whites every where, and invites them cordially to settle in the State. Politically this is a substantially revolutionary declaration. Logically carried out, it would end in civil war. It is as unjustifiable as a similar assertion upon religious grounds would be. It is as intolerable in American politics as a wholesale denunciation of citizens of foreign birth. So far as it is a resolution of opposition to the Civil Rights Bill, it is based upon wholly illegitimate grounds, as if a party should resolve against the election of General Grant because he is a Methodist. The Constitution which defines citizenship makes all citizens equal, and knows nothing of their color, their religious faith, or their place of birth.

The Alabama resolutions, indeed, state that "the rights of all classes of men" under the Constitution must be maintained, but protests that no law can constitutionally enforce social equality. What does a Democratic or any other American Convention mean by "classes of men under the Constitution?" There is but one class known to the Constitution—the class of perfectly equal citizens. It recognizes no ignorant or barbarous, or rich or poor, or white or black class. And upon all citizens it confers equal rights, and those rights of all citizens the government under the Constitution is equally and expressly bound to protect. The Alabama and Indiana Democratic Conventions declare that they regard with abhorrence the attempt of the Federal Government to "take control of the schools, colleges, churches, hotels, railroads, steamboats, theatres, and grave-yards for the purpose of establishing negro equality." The words are the same in both platforms. Upon no other point is there more hearty Democratic accord. But the Federal Government is making no attempt to take such control. It has it already, under the Constitution. It is proposing to assert its power because equal rights are not protected. Nor does it propose to establish "social" equality in the sense of forcing negroes or any body else to what the Alabama resolutions call "equal participation with our families in our social institutions." The Civil Rights Bill provides that no "institution" which exists by authority of law made by the citizens shall recognize any distinction among those citizens founded upon color. It proposes that there shall not be a legal class of pariahs among equal American citizens. The declaration of the Alabama resolutions that the common law of the State provides for the protection of civil rights is a simple mockery. Even political rights which the resolutions declare must be kept inviolate are notoriously denied. Mr. King, in a late number of *Scribner's Magazine*, says that of the ninety thousand colored voters in Georgia scarcely thirty thousand vote, and that the most honorable Georgian Republicans state that the negroes are still grossly intimidated.

We are not discussing the wisdom of negro suffrage, nor denying the terrible ignorance and consequent wretchedness of the voting population of many of the Southern States. Nor is it necessary to revert to the general question of reconstruction. It is the duty of every good citizen in Alabama, as in every other State, to acquiesce honorably and co-operatively in the new provisions of the Constitution, or to attempt honorably their repeal. So long as all citizens, black and white, are equal under the law, the true policy of Alabama is to maintain and defend that equality. It is not defended, however, if a defensive law is a dead letter upon the statute-book. Laws, indeed, which are hostile to public sentiment, whether a sentiment founded upon a prejudice or a moral conviction, can not readily, sometimes can not at all, be enforced. That is a good reason for considering the wisdom of a change in the law. But while a just statute, like that of maintaining the equality of citizens before the law, remains, no constitutional effort should be omitted to enforce it. Those who oppose it really oppose equality, and their attempt should be to abolish it.

A party which seeks power to make the laws, under a declaration that an immense body of its political equals are ignorant, barbarous, and unfit for association with the rest, when that party is composed of late slave-masters, and the denounced class of their late slaves, will certainly not make or enforce equal laws. In this country it is that party, and that alone, which blows amidst the ashes to revive smouldering embers. It is resolutions like those of the Democratic Conventions of Alabama and Indiana which postpone indefinitely a real reconstruction. For while no reasonable man in the Northern States denies the unhappy situation in which so many of the Southern States are plunged, and is ready with the utmost sympathy to do what he can to remove the difficulties, nothing is plainer than that a party which plants itself upon the single plank of a white man's government is a party which would re-open a controversy that may introduce prolonged bitterness and trouble, but can have but one result.

TEMPERANCE AS A POLITICAL ISSUE.

The real friends of temperance must see with curiosity that the party which comprises the great mass of those who are hostile to the temperance cause is apparently most interested in the success of the temperance ticket, and most anxious that it shall remain in the field. Such men also can not help understanding the secret of this interest. It is not that the Democrats are anxious to secure a temperance victory, but because they hope that a third party may defeat the Republicans, and so bring the anti-temperance party into power. The action of those intelligent Republican temperance men, however, who know this—who know that the defeat of the Republicans in any State would be a present defeat of any temperance legislation which would be satisfactory to temperance men—is justified by them upon the grounds adopted by the old Liberty party. That party did not deny that their members were mainly drawn from the Whigs, and that consequently their separate action helped the Democrats. They said, however, that the Whig policy was no barrier against the designs of slavery, but that many timid souls thought that it was, and that Whig success therefore merely postponed the day of real opposition and strengthened slavery. If, then, the Whig party were defeated, the Democratic party, or slavery, would be unchecked, and the formation of a genuine and vigorous anti-slavery party would be forced upon the country.

This, we apprehend, is the feeling and purpose of the real temperance men in New York and other States. Of course a great deal of the movement is merely a mask, a Democratic intrigue, the shouting and screaming of a squad to resemble the voice of an army. But there are a certain number of honest persons who think temperance to be a paramount issue, and who appeal to their party friends to retain the temperance vote by adopting a temperance platform—that is, prohibition—and so to save the Republican party. "Don't endanger the election of a United States Senator," cries the Syracuse address; "don't give the State to the Democrats." How many votes did the temperance ticket poll four years ago? Or when was it? Did any body ever know the number? Was it even a factor in the aggregate result? The Syracuse address implores the Republican party not to hazard success by refusing to nominate a prohibition candidate, or at least not to court defeat by renominating Governor Dix. But does any honest temperance man really think that the party would gain more than it would lose by a technically "temperance" nomination? Or, as a sensible and thoughtful man, does such a citizen really think that temperance or any other good cause would gain more even by the election of a candidate specially pledged to that one point than by that of a trained, sagacious, and experienced public man of the highest personal character, like General Dix? Temperance is not a proper political issue, not because it is not most desirable, nor because intemperance is not the occasion of most of the crime and unhappiness of society and of a large proportion of the taxes, but because it is not a question which can affect the great general policy of government. The question of slavery, however, was just that. It colored every measure. It controlled legislation. The cardinal administrative policy of the Democratic party for many years was the extension and perpetuation of human slavery. Is it conceivable to a sensible temperance man that the cardinal policy of a great dominant party in this country, affecting every action in every department of the government, should be abstinence from intoxicating liquors? It is a preposterous supposition; and that which makes it so makes the suggestion that the election of Governor of the State, with all the complicated interests and relations of the State, should turn upon that question, equally preposterous. To rally and organize a real third party upon such an issue is a hopeless expectation in the very nature of politics. But when it can not itself become the controlling issue, to use it to break down an existing party, whose policy is upon the whole acceptable, is want of loyalty to good government.

We do not now consider the position that temperance is not a legitimate political issue for the reason that it concerns something with which government can not properly deal, for that position is not tenable in the face of the license system, which is generally accepted. If the ends for which government restrains and regulates the sale of liquor can not be reached without prohibition, and the right of regulation is conceded, that of prohibition can not be denied. The practical question in New York and the other States where the subject commands attention is, whether the interests of temperance will be more promoted by sustaining the Republican or the Democratic nominations. Those whose sympathies are Republican will naturally wish to see a candidate who is favorable to their views of legislation upon the subject; but should their preference be overruled, they can hardly wish the success of a party which neither upon this subject nor upon any other favors views which they approve. The only consistent ground for insisting upon a third party is that a great party founded upon the temperance issue is possible and desirable, and that the issue transcends all others in importance. Temperance Republicans who hold this view will, of course, act accordingly, and the argument that they will only help the Democrats and hurt their own cause will be in vain. But those who regard the question as of immense but not exclusive and transcendent importance will sustain the Republican action if it result in a worthy declaration of general public policy and the nomination of upright and intelligent and experienced men, because such a course will seem to them most advantageous to the cause of temperance.

A VOICE FROM TEXAS.

THAT the confusion and difficulties in the Southern States are not wholly due to "radical" misrule, but are, to a great degree, the result of the condition in which they were left by the four years of the war, is more evident to a thoughtful mind than to the average Democratic politician. But since the situation in those States is the burden of so many resolutions and speeches and editorials, and since the "awful examples" are chiefly drawn from States under Republican administrations, it is instructive to read a few words which we find in the *Telegraph*, of Galveston, the Democratic organ, and which reveal the condition of Texas under a Democratic administration. Of course we do not cite it as a palliation of any misrule by any party in any State, but to show that Democratic ascendency is not the remedy for Southern anarchy. It is evident that if to this state of things we should add the passive oppression of the colored citizens which may be rightfully expected from the national dominance of the Democratic party, we should not have made much progress.

The *Telegraph* says:

> "The State police under the late Radical dynasty was a tyranny and a terror to the citizens of the State. It made numerous unjust arrests, in some cases wounded and even killed its victims, aided in establishing martial law in times of peace, and generally became so odious that the very name of State police became an offense to the people. And yet with all the harm it did, harm for which no amount of good could atone, it still was the means of so much good as to lead many citizens, in these days of mobs, to wish it were in some shape restored.
>
> "The laws are not enforced; prisoners in the clutches of the law are seized by irresponsible mobs and surreptitiously hung. Thieves and robbers and murderers are a terror to good citizens, insomuch that they justify, and possibly take part in, these summary proceedings. Doubtless these proceedings are winked at, if not connived in, by the officers of the law. It is not possible to suppose that a sheriff gives up his prisoners unless with a willing or half-willing consent. A sheriff who owes his office to his friends and neighbors is tempted to yield to their wishes in such respects, when they demand with threats of violence if he do not comply."
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> "It is quite certain that the present lawlessness must be stopped, or we shall retrograde in population, in wealth, in purse, and the Texas of which so many proud things have been said may become a danger and a dread to all travelers and would-be settlers in her borders. Let the people, like those of Bryan, meet together and refresh their law-abiding spirit. Let them resolve to stand by the law as their strongest and best bulwark against violence. It would not be ineffective if some messenger of the Executive should visit the counties where violence exists, and urge good citizens to such united action. If a State constabulary can be avoided, let us avoid it. If the people are willing to sustain the laws, let them feel the strength of united action. But if these are without avail, something else must be done, and the Legislature must say what it shall be."

CAIRNES'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

PUBLIC attention is now so much directed to financial and economical questions that the work of Professor J. E. CAIRNES, just issued by the HARPERS, *Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded*, is a most timely contribution to the discussion, and by its singular ability will command very careful consideration. Mr. CAIRNES made himself known in this country during the war by his *Slave Power*, which is much the most thorough and satisfactory treatise upon the late great question in this country that has appeared. Last year Mr. CAIRNES published a volume of *Political Essays*, especially and very ably considering the question of Ireland, in which country he was for some time resident as professor in one of the Queen's Colleges. He is now Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in University College, London. His thoughts and studies have been always directed to the subject, and he was one of the friends whom Mr. JOHN STUART MILL most highly valued, and of whose views and work in political economy Mr. MILL spoke most warmly

In his general view of the subject Mr. CAIRNES agrees with Mr. MILL. But he differs from him and other masters like ADAM SMITH and MALTHUS and RICARDO in what he calls, in BACON's phrase, the *axiomata media* of the science, or the intermediate principles, which, in Mr. CAIRNES's opinion, are now stated very unsatisfactorily. Thus he traverses Mr. MILL's explanation of supply and demand, of the cost of production and of market value, and sets forth his own views with a clearness and precision that are conclusive. The material of the work is cast in three parts: Value, Labor and Capital, and International Trade. One of the chapters in the last part is devoted to the subject of protection in the United States, and amidst all the smattering and crude speculation upon the question this has the peculiar merit of being the work of a careful student, an exact observer, and a trained thinker. It is also that of a gentleman of perfect courtesy. His remarks, therefore, are entirely free from that tone of impatience and contempt which so often poisons and render totally useless the discussion of the subject. In common with the greatest masters of the science of which he treats, Mr. CAIRNES regards protection as a "venerable sophism," but he frankly discusses its most forcible arguments, not seeking to evade nor unfairly to belittle them.

Thus having presented the economic argument, he considers the defense of protection, which is urged upon social and political grounds—the defense, indeed, which is strongest with the most thoughtful students. For, granting the wiser economy of free trade, it is said, nations do not live by bread alone, and there are very much higher national considerations than buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. It may easily be a higher wisdom, for instance, to sacrifice some of the material results of free trade to the moral advantages of diversified industry. Mr. CAIRNES is a man of much too broad and generous mind not to admit the force of such an argument, which, he says, is not without a certain support in the facts of past experience. "But," he remarks, "the practical question is not whether under extraordinary and exceptional circumstances free trade may be made to serve the purposes of despotism, but whether in a country such as the United States, of great and varied resources, peopled by free men in possession of all the most advanced industrial knowledge, and trained in the usages of civilization—whether in such a country artificial restraint upon the freedom of trade is needed in order to secure for the people that variety of occupations which, it may be freely conceded, is favorable to national development."

The tone and temper of Mr. CAIRNES's work are so manly and candid that the reader has the satisfaction of feeling that he is dealing with a sincere seeker of the truth as well as with an intellectually able and thoroughly informed writer. To those who have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the author it will seem that the discipline of prolonged and cruel physical disability has enhanced the humane spirit of a naturally noble mind, lifting it into that serenity which is the ideal atmosphere of scientific investigation.

THE BLACK HILLS GOLD REGION.

THE map given on this page, furnished by the Indian Bureau, shows in a single view all the territory of the United States occupied by peaceful or hostile Indians. It is so completely descriptive as to need but little supplementary comment. General CUSTER's recent official report to the government of the important results of the Black Hills expedition will fix the reader's attention especially upon Wyoming Territory. Indications of gold were discovered during the last week in July among the Black Hills. Soon gold was found in sufficient quantities to abundantly repay working, and there is every reason to believe that these newly explored fields are very valuable. So far surface gold alone has been obtained, but in the opinion of experts a good quartz lead is to be confidently expected. The expiration of the Sioux treaty will open to settlement this rich and beautiful region.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamboat *Pat Rogers* was burned, August 5, near Aurora, on the Ohio, with a loss of over fifty lives.

The election in North Carolina has resulted in a Democratic victory. Large gains are reported in every section; seven out of eight Congressmen are Democrats, and there is a large Democratic majority in the Legislature.

The movements of various bands of hostile Indians are reported. The farmers in Wichita Valley are leaving their farms in alarm.

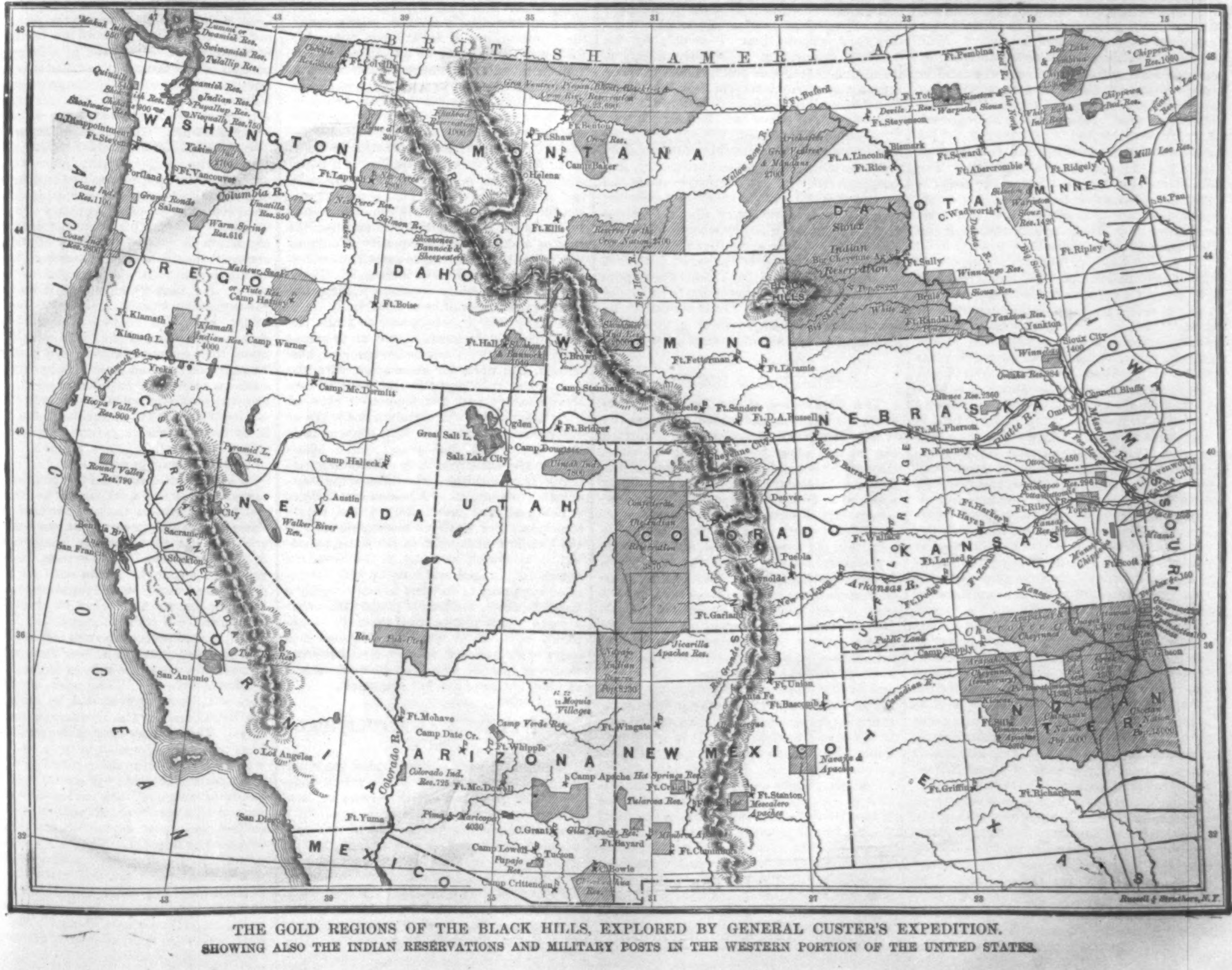
General O. O. Howard has left Washington for Oregon, to take command of the department of the army recently under General Davis.

FOREIGN NEWS.

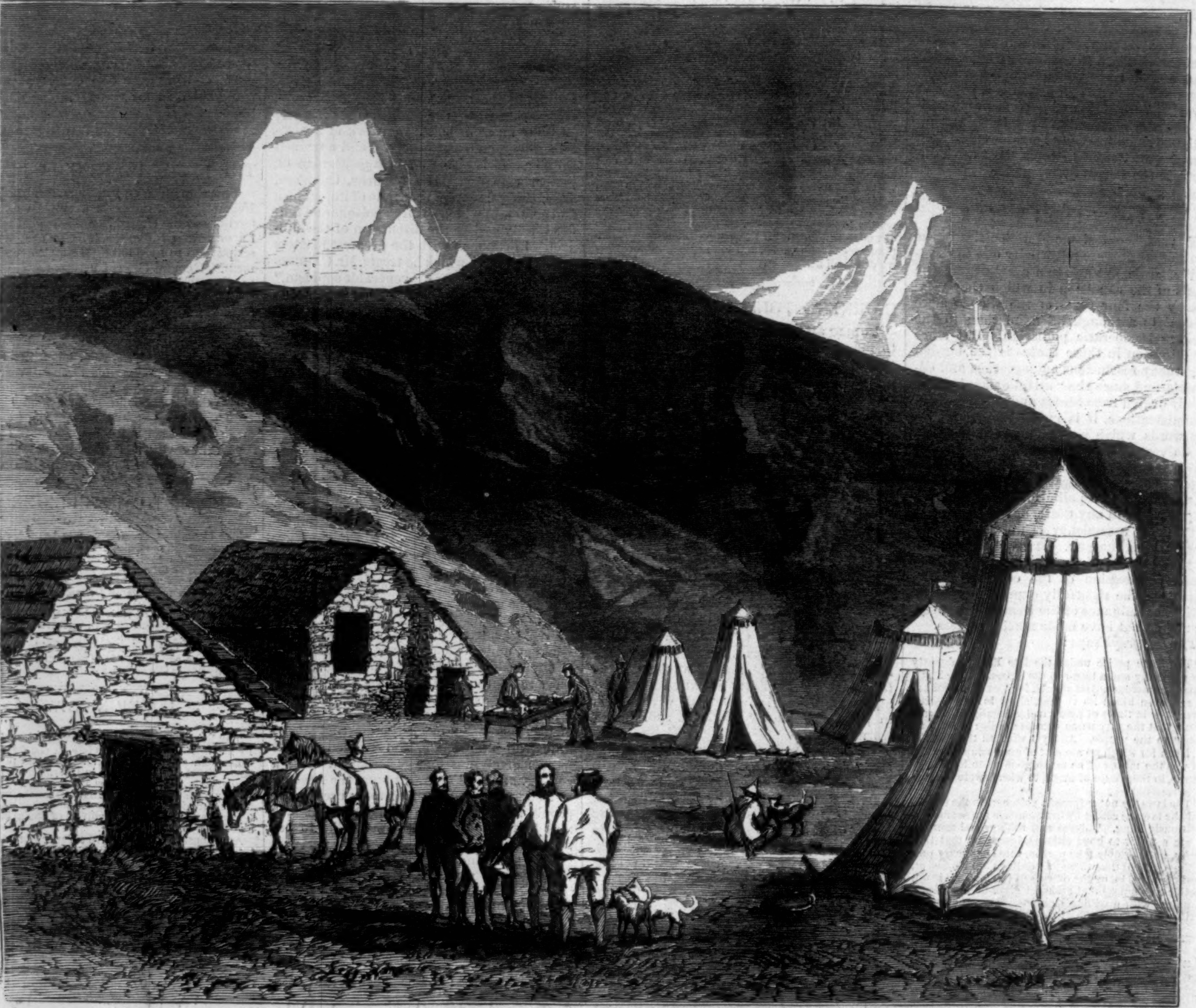
THE British Parliament was prorogued on August 7. In her Speech the Queen refers to the friendly relations with foreign powers, explains the position of Great Britain in regard to the International Congress at Brussels substantially as before made public, alludes with favor to the negotiations for the renewal of the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, and laments the condition of Spain, but favors a policy of non-interference.

An offensive and defensive alliance is reported between Germany and the Spanish republic.

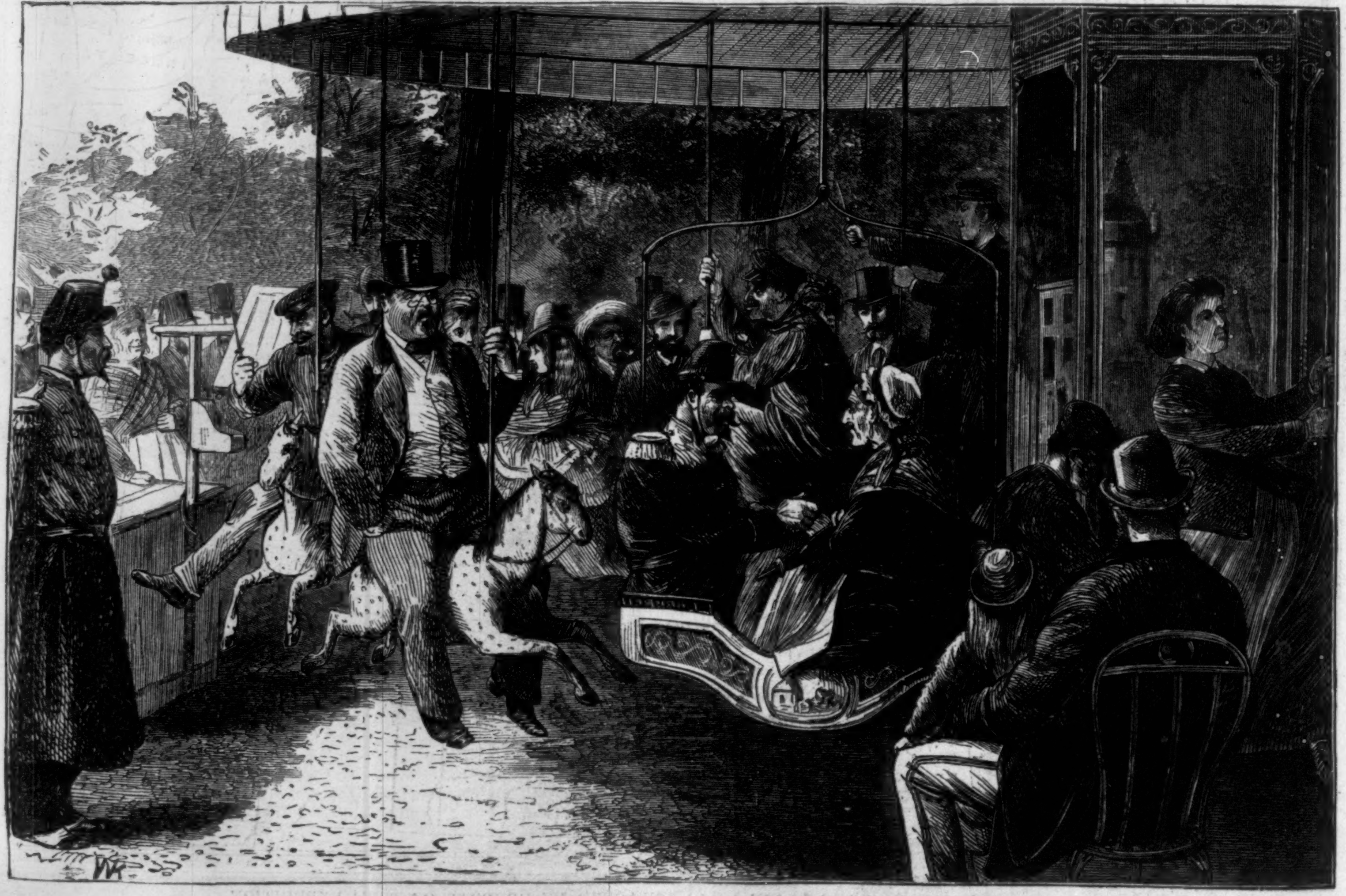
The *Popolo Romano* (newspaper) says that the cabinet of the Vatican is negotiating to obtain from the governments of Austria, France, and Portugal the renunciation of their right of excluding candidates at the papal election.



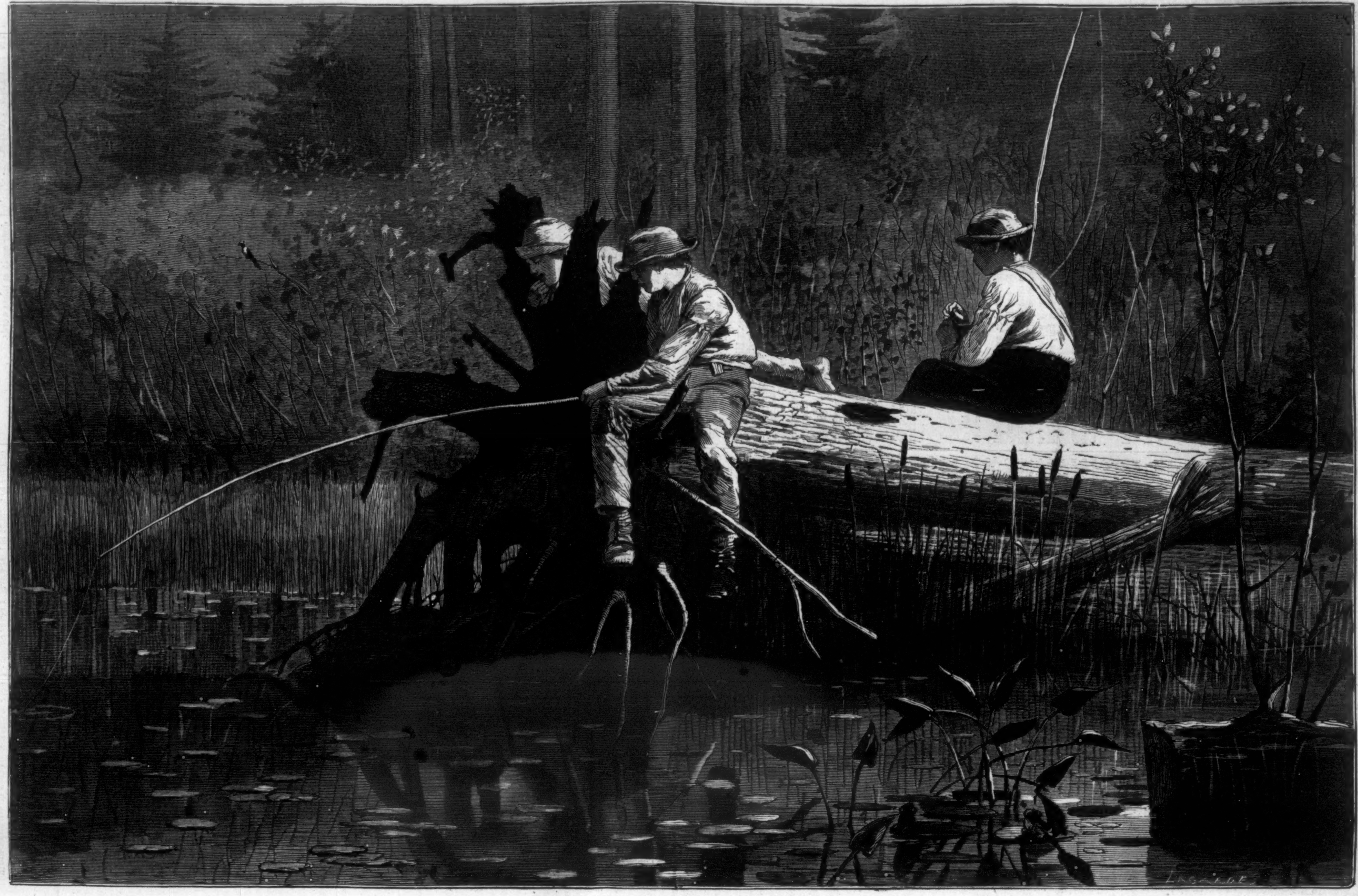
THE GOLD REGIONS OF THE BLACK HILLS, EXPLORED BY GENERAL CUSTER'S EXPEDITION.
SHOWING ALSO THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND MILITARY POSTS IN THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE UNITED STATES.



HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE KING OF ITALY—ENCAMPMENT OF MONCARNE.—[See Page 702.]



A PARIS SKETCH—SCENE IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.—[See Page 702.]



WAITING FOR A BITE.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

THE LITTLE VAGRANT.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

THE village Squire, a stern old man,
From whose very presence the children ran,
Walked slowly down the shady street,
With a stately and pompous gravity, meet
In one of his wealth and consequence,
Proud of his standing and hard cold sense.

He turned a corner: right in his way
Asleep on the walk a vagrant lay,
Ragged and barefoot, a little lad,
Whose face was pinched and worn and sad.
The village children had gathered round;
The Squire came up, but they stood their ground,
For the boy's thin face was streaked with tears,
And their pity was stronger than their fears.

The old Squire looked, and was passing by,
When the boy awoke with a pitiful cry;
And the old man's face grew suddenly white:
"Good God!" he muttered, "what ails my sight?
It can not be. Are those eyes her own?—
Your name, my boy?—Her very tone!—
Stand back, you children, and let me talk
To the lad.—Are you tired? Can you walk?
Don't be afraid; come, take my hand."
None of the children can understand
What has come over the Squire to-day,
Or why he so tenderly leads away
The wondering little vagrant lad,
With road-dust covered and shabbily clad.

Through the village the story spread:
Was the old Squire suddenly out of his head?
But the gossips remembered a fair young face,
A daughter, once the pride and grace
Of the old man's home, of whom no ill,
Save that she wedded against his will,
Was ever whispered. He drove her thence,
And bade her abide the consequence
Of her willful love; and never a word
Of her fate thenceforth in the town was heard.
But now it was plain, the gossips said,
She had lived in misery, and was dead,
And the vagrant boy whose look and tone
Woke the old Squire's heart was indeed her own.
And God, who hears the widow's prayer,
Had led the little wanderer there.

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A Short Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST SCENE.—THE BALL-ROOM.

CHAPTER III.

THE burden on Clara's mind weighs on it more heavily than ever, after what Mrs. Crayford has said to her. She is too unhappy to feel the inspiriting influence of the dance. After a turn round the room she complains of fatigue. Mr. Francis Aldersley looks at the conservatory (still as invitingly cool and empty as ever), leads her back to it, and places her on a seat among the shrubs. She tries—very feebly—to dismiss him.

"Don't let me keep you from dancing, Mr. Aldersley."

He seats himself by her side, and feasts his eyes on the lovely downcast face that dares not turn toward him. He whispers to her,

"Call me Frank."

She longs to call him Frank—she loves him with all her heart. But Mrs. Crayford's warning words are still in her mind. She never opens her lips. Her lover moves a little closer, and asks another favor. Men are all alike on these occasions. Silence invariably encourages them to try again.

"Clara! have you forgotten what I said at the concert yesterday? May I say it again?"

"No!"

"We sail to-morrow for the Arctic Seas. I may not return for years. Don't send me away without hope! Think of the long lonely time in the dark North! Make it a happy time for *me*."

Though he speaks with the fervor of a man, he is little more than a lad: he is only twenty years old, and he is going to risk his young life on the Frozen Deep! Clara pities him as she never pitied any human creature before. He gently takes her hand. She tries to release it.

"What! not even that little favor on the last night?"

Her faithful heart takes his part in spite of her. Her hand remains in his, and feels its soft persuasive pressure. She is a lost woman. It is only a question of time now!

"Clara! do you love me?"

There is a pause. She shrinks from looking at him—she trembles with strange contradictory sensations of pleasure and pain. His arm steals round her; he repeats his question in a whisper; his lips almost touch her little rosy ear as he says it again:

"Do you love me?"

She closes her eyes faintly; she hears nothing but those words, feels nothing but his arm round her, forgets Mrs. Crayford's warning, forgets Richard Wardour himself, turns suddenly with a loving woman's desperate disregard of every thing but her love, nestles her head on his bosom, and answers him in that way at last!

He lifts the beautiful drooping head—their lips meet in their first kiss—they are both in Heaven. It is Clara who brings them back to earth again with a start; it is Clara who says, "Oh! what have I done?"—as usual, when it is too late.

Frank answers the question.

"You have made me happy, my angel. Now when I come back, I come back to make you my wife."

She shudders. She remembers Richard Wardour again at those words.

"Mind!" she says, "nobody is to know we are engaged till I permit you to mention it. Remember that!"

He promises to remember it. His arm tries to wind round her once more. No! She is mistress of herself; she can positively dismiss him now—after she has let him kiss her!

"Go!" she says. "I want to see Mrs. Crayford. Find her! Say I am here, waiting to speak to her. Go at once, Frank—for my sake!"

There is no alternative but to obey her. His eyes drink a last draught of her beauty. He hurries away on his errand, the happiest man in the room. Five minutes since she was only his partner in the dance. He has spoken—and she has pledged herself to be his partner for life!

CHAPTER IV.

IT was not easy to find Mrs. Crayford in the crowd. Searching here, and searching there, Frank became conscious of a stranger, who appeared to be looking for somebody, on his side. He was a dark, heavy-browed, strongly built man, dressed in a shabby old naval officer's uniform. His manner, strikingly resolute and self-contained, was unmistakably the manner of a gentleman. He wound his way slowly through the crowd, stopping to look at every lady whom he passed, and then looking away again with a frown. Little by little he approached the conservatory, entered it after a moment's reflection, detected the glimmer of a white dress in the distance through the shrubs and flowers, advanced to get a nearer view of the lady, and burst into Clara's presence with a cry of delight.

She sprang to her feet. She stood before him speechless, motionless, struck to stone. All her life was in her eyes—the eyes which told her she was looking at Richard Wardour.

He was the first to speak.

"I am sorry I startled you, my darling. I forgot every thing but the happiness of seeing you again. We only reached our moorings two hours since. I was some time inquiring after you, and some time getting my ticket when they told me you were at the ball. Wish me joy, Clara! I am promoted. I have come back to make you my wife."

A momentary change passed over the blank terror of her face. Her color rose faintly, her lips moved. She abruptly put a question to him.

"Did you get my letter?"

He started. "A letter from you? I never received it."

The momentary animation died out of her face again. She drew back from him, and dropped into a chair. He advanced toward her, astonished and alarmed. She shrank in the chair—shrank as if she was frightened of him.

"Clara, you have not even shaken hands with me! What does it mean?"

He paused, waiting, and watching her. She made no reply. A flash of the quick temper in him leaped up in his eyes. He repeated his last words in louder and sterner tones:

"What does it mean?"

She replied this time. His tone had hurt her—his tone had roused her sinking courage.

"It means, Mr. Wardour, that you have been mistaken from the first."

"How have I been mistaken?"

"You have been under a wrong impression, and you have given me no opportunity of setting you right."

"In what way have I been wrong?"

"You have been too hasty and too confident about yourself, and about me. You have entirely misunderstood me. I am grieved to distress you, but for your sake I must speak plainly. I am your friend always, Mr. Wardour. I can never be your wife."

He mechanically repeated the last words. He seemed to doubt whether he had heard her aright.

"You can never be my wife?"

"Never!"

"Why?"

There was no answer. She was incapable of telling him a falsehood. She was ashamed to tell him the truth.

He stooped over her, and suddenly possessed himself of her hand. Holding her hand firmly, he stooped a little lower, searching for the signs which might answer him in her face. His own face darkened slowly while he looked. He was beginning to suspect her, and he acknowledged it in his next words:

"Something has changed you toward me, Clara. Somebody has influenced you against me. Is it—you force me to ask the question—is it some other man?"

"You have no right to ask me that."

He went on without noticing what she had said to him.

"Has that other man come between you and me? I speak plainly on my side. Speak plainly on yours."

"I *have* spoken. I have nothing more to say."

There was a pause. She saw the warning light which told of the fire within him growing brighter and brighter in his eyes. She felt his grasp strengthening on her hand. He appealed to her for the last time.

"Reflect," he said—"reflect before it is too late. Your silence will not serve you. If you persist in not answering me, I shall take your silence as a confession. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you."

"Clara Burnham, I am not to be trifled with. Clara Burnham, I insist on the truth. Are you false to me?"

She resented that searching question with a woman's keen sense of the insult that is implied in doubting her to her face.

"Mr. Wardour! you forget yourself when you call me to account in that way. I never encouraged you. I never gave you promise or pledge—"

He passionately interrupted her before she could say more.

"You have engaged yourself in my absence. Your words own it; your looks own it. You have engaged yourself to another man!"

"If I *have* engaged myself, what right have you to complain of it?" she answered, firmly. "What right have you to control my actions?"

The next words died away on her lips. He suddenly dropped her hand. A marked change appeared in the expression of his eyes—a change which told her of the terrible passions that she had let loose in him. She read, dimly read, something in his face which made her tremble—not for herself, but for Frank.

Little by little the dark color faded out of his face. His deep voice dropped suddenly to a low and quiet tone as he spoke the parting words.

"Say no more, Miss Burnham—you have said enough. I am answered: I am dismissed." He paused, and, stepping close up to her, laid his hand on her arm.

"The time may come," he said, "when I shall forgive *you*. But the man who has robbed me of you shall rue the day when you and he first met."

He turned and left her.

A few minutes later Mrs. Crayford entering the conservatory, was met by one of the attendants at the ball. The man stopped as if he wished to speak to her.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Do you happen to have a smelling-bottle about you? There is a young lady in the conservatory who is taken faint."

CHAPTER V.

THE morning of the next day—the morning on which the ships were to sail—came bright and breezy. Mrs. Crayford—having arranged to follow her husband to the water-side, and see the last of him before he embarked—entered Clara's room, on her way out of the house, anxious to hear how her young friend had passed the night. To her astonishment she found Clara had risen, and was dressed, like herself, to go out.

"What does this mean, my dear? After what you suffered last night—after the shock of seeing that man—why don't you take my advice and rest in your bed?"

"I can't rest. I have not slept all night. Have you been out yet?"

"No."

"Have you seen or heard any thing of Richard Wardour?"

"What an extraordinary question!"

"Answer my question! Don't trifle with me!"

"Compose yourself, Clara. I have neither seen nor heard any thing of Richard Wardour. Take my word for it, he is far enough away by this time."

"No! He is here! He is near us! All night long the presentiment has pursued me—Frank and Richard Wardour will meet."

"My dear child! what are you thinking of? They are total strangers to each other."

"Something will happen to bring them together. I feel it! I know it! They will meet—there will be a mortal quarrel between them—and I shall be to blame. Oh, Lucy! why didn't I take your advice? Why was I mad enough to let Frank know that I loved him? Are you going to the landing-stage? I am all ready—I must go with you."

"You must not think of it, Clara. There will be crowding and confusion at the water-side. You are not strong enough to bear it. Wait—I won't be long away—wait till I come back."

"I must and will go with you! Crowd? *He* will be among the crowd! Confusion? In that confusion *he* will find his way to Frank! Don't ask me to wait. I shall go mad if I wait. I shall not know a moment's ease until I have seen Frank, with my own eyes, safe in the boat which takes him to his ship! You have got your bonnet on; what are we stopping here for? Come! or I shall go without you. Look at the clock! We have not a moment to lose!"

It was useless to contend with her. Mrs. Crayford yielded. The two women left the house together.

The landing-stage, as Mrs. Crayford had predicted, was thronged with spectators. Not only the relatives and friends of the Arctic voyagers, but strangers as well, had assembled in large numbers to see the ships sail. Clara's eyes wandered affrightedly hither and thither among the strange faces in the crowd, searching for the one face that she dreaded to see, and not finding it. So completely were her nerves unstrung, that she started with a cry of alarm on suddenly hearing Frank's voice behind her.

"The *Sea-Mew's* boats are waiting," he said. "I must go, darling. How pale you are looking, Clara! Are you ill?"

She never answered. She questioned him with wild eyes and trembling lips.

"Has any thing happened to you, Frank? any thing out of the common?"

Frank laughed at the strange question.

"Any thing out of the common?" he repeated. "Nothing that I know of, except sailing for the Arctic Seas. That's out of the common, I suppose, isn't it?"

"Has any body spoken to you since last night? Has any stranger followed you in the street?"

Frank turned in blank amazement to Mrs. Crayford.

"What on earth does she mean?"

Mrs. Crayford's lively invention supplied her with an answer on the spur of the moment.

"Do you believe in dreams, Frank? Of course you don't! Clara has been dreaming about you; and Clara is foolish enough to believe in dreams. That's all—it's not worth talking about. Hark! they are calling you. Say good-by, or you will be too late for the boat."

Frank took Clara's hand. Long afterward—in the dark Arctic days, in the dreary Arctic nights—he remembered how coldly and how passively that hand lay in his.

"Courage, Clara!" he said, gayly. "A sailor's sweetheart must accustom herself to partings. The time will soon pass. Good-by, my darling! Good-by, my wife!"

He kissed the cold hand; he looked his last—for many a long year, perhaps!—at the pale and beautiful face. "How she loves me!" he thought. "How the parting distresses her!" He still held her hand—he would have lingered longer if Mrs. Crayford had not wisely waived all ceremony, and pushed him away.

The two ladies followed him at a safe distance through the crowd, and saw him step into the boat. The oars struck the water; Frank waved his cap to Clara. In a moment more a vessel at anchor hid his boat from view. They had seen the last of him on his way to the Frozen Deep!

"No Richard Wardour in the boat," said Mrs. Crayford. "No Richard Wardour on the shore. Let this be a lesson to you, my dear. Never be foolish enough to believe in presentiments again."

Clara's eyes still wandered suspiciously to and fro among the crowd.

"Are you not satisfied yet?" asked Mrs. Crayford.

"No," Clara answered. "I am not satisfied yet."

"What! still looking for him? This is really too absurd. Here is my husband coming. I shall tell him to call a cab, and send you home."

Clara drew back a few steps.

"I won't be in the way, Lucy, while you are taking leave of your good husband," she said. "I will wait here."

"Wait here! What for?"

"For something which I may yet see. Or for something which I may still hear."

"Richard Wardour?"

"Richard Wardour."

Mrs. Crayford turned to her husband, without another word. Clara's infatuation was beyond the reach of remonstrance.

The boats of the *Wanderer* took the place at the landing-stage vacated by the boats of the *Sea-Mew*. A burst of cheering among the outer ranks of the crowd announced the arrival of the commander of the expedition on the scene. Captain Helding appeared, looking right and left for his first lieutenant. Finding Crayford with his wife, the captain made his apologies for interfering, with his best grace.

"Give him up to his professional duties for one minute, Mrs. Crayford, and you shall have him back again for half an hour. The Arctic Expedition is to blame, my dear lady—not the captain—for parting man and wife. In Crayford's place, I should have left it to the bachelors to find the Northwest Passage, and have stopped at home with you!"

Excusing himself in those bluntly complimentary terms, Captain Helding drew the lieutenant aside a few steps, accidentally taking a direction that led the two officers close to the place at which Clara was standing. Both the captain and the lieutenant were too completely absorbed in their professional business to notice her. Neither the one nor the other had the faintest suspicion that she could, and did, hear every word of the talk that passed between them.

"You received my note this morning?" the captain began.

"Certainly, Captain Helding—or I should have been on board the ship before this."

"I am going on board myself at once," the captain proceeded. "But I must ask you to keep your boat waiting for half an hour more. You will be all the longer with your wife, you know. I thought of that, Crayford."

"I am much obliged to you, Captain Helding. I suppose there is some other reason for inverting the customary order of things, and keeping the lieutenant on shore after the captain is on board?"

"Quite true; there *is* another reason. I want you to wait for a volunteer who has just joined us."

"A volunteer!"

"Yes. He has his outfit to get in a hurry, and he may be half an hour late."

"It's rather a sudden appointment, isn't it?"

"No doubt. Very sudden."

"And—pardon me—it's rather a long time (as we are situated) to keep the ships waiting for one man?"

"Quite true again. But a man who is worth having is worth waiting for. This man is worth having; this man is worth his weight in gold—to such an expedition as ours. Seasoned to all climates and all fatigues—a strong fellow, a brave fellow, a clever fellow; in short, an excellent officer. I know him well, or I should never have taken him. The country gets plenty of work out of my new volunteer, Crayford. He only returned yesterday from foreign service."

"He only returned yesterday from foreign service! And he volunteers this morning to join the Arctic Expedition? You astonish me."

"I dare say I do. You can't be more astonished than I was, when he presented himself at my hotel and told me what he wanted. 'Why, my good fellow, you have just got home,' I said. 'Are you weary of your freedom, after only a few hours' experience of it?' His answer rather startled me. He said, 'I am weary of my life, Sir. I have come home and found a trouble to welcome me which goes near to break my heart. If I don't take refuge in absence and hard work, I am a lost man. Will you give me a refuge?' That's what he said, Crayford, word for word."

"Did you ask him to explain himself further?"

"Not I. I knew his value, and I took the poor devil on the spot, without pestering him with any more questions. No need to ask him to explain himself. The facts speak for themselves in these cases. The old story, my good friend! There's a woman at the bottom of it, of course."

Mrs. Crayford, waiting for the return of her husband as patiently as she could, was startled by feeling a hand suddenly laid on her shoulder. She looked round, and confronted Clara. Her first feeling of surprise changed instantly to alarm. Clara was trembling from head to foot.

"What is the matter? What has frightened you, my dear?"

"Lucy! I *have* heard of him!"

"Richard Wardour again?"

"Remember what I told you. I have heard every word of the conversation between Captain Helding and your husband. A man came to the captain this morning and volunteered to join the *Wanderer*. The captain has taken him. The man is Richard Wardour."

"You don't mean it! Are you sure? Did you hear Captain Helding mention his name?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it's Richard Wardour?"

"Don't ask me! I am as certain of it as that I am standing here! They are going away together, Lucy—away to the eternal ice and snow. My foreboding has come true! The two will meet—the man who is to marry me and the man whose heart I have broken!"

"Your foreboding has *not* come true, Clara! The men have not met here—the men are not likely to meet elsewhere. They are appointed to separate ships. Frank belongs to the *Sea-Mew*—and Wardour to the *Wanderer*. See! Captain Helding has done. My husband is coming this way. Let me make sure. Let me speak to him."

Lieutenant Crayford returned to his wife. She spoke to him instantly.

"William! you have got a new volunteer who joins the *Wanderer?*"

"What! you have been listening to the captain and me?"

"I want to know his name."

"How in the world did you manage to hear what we said to each other?"

"His name? has the captain given you his name?"

"Don't excite yourself, my dear. Look! you are positively alarming Miss Burnham. The new volunteer is a perfect stranger to us. There is his name—last on the ship's list."

Mrs. Crayford snatched the list out of her husband's hand, and read the name.

"RICHARD WARDOUR."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MUCH interest was excited a year or two ago at the discovery by Mr. E. RIVIÈRE of sundry prehistoric skeletons in the caverns of Baousse-Rousse, near Mentone, these presenting some marked peculiarities as compared with the human frame-work of more modern times.

Referring to previous articles on this subject, we may remark that in June of 1873 an adult skeleton was discovered in cave No. 6, one other having been previously found there; and near to it, and almost at its feet, were the remains of a youth of about fifteen years of age. The bones of another child were found on the 27th of January, 1874, in cavern No. 1.

According to Dr. RIVIÈRE, the discovery of this new skeleton confirms the existence of certain supposed rites among these early people, the red color of the bones, and of the hearth upon which they rest, being due to the presence of iron ore, which had been apparently heaped up purposely over the body. There were also implements of bone and stone, ornaments of shell and of perforated teeth, as in the other case.

The skull presents much the same peculiarities as in the other instances, being decidedly dolicho-cephalic, with a powerful lower jaw, thick teeth prominent, and the muscular attachments strongly marked. Around the head were numerous shells belonging to *Nassa*, *Buccinum*, *Columbella*, and *Cypræa*, and with some canine teeth of the stag, both shells and teeth occurring in very large numbers.

Besides these there were bones, teeth, and mandibles of ruminants, pachyderms, and rodents, some fragments of deer antlers, etc.

According to the *China Mail*, as quoted by the *Academy*, Mr. J. B. STEERE, an American who has been traveling in the East for the purpose of collecting specimens for the Michigan University, has just returned to Hong-Kong from a trip through Formosa. He spent six months in the interior of the island, principally among the wild tribes. He reports his collections as very extensive, including thirty-five species of serpents. He has also found a number of ancient manuscripts, and succeeded in preparing a vocabulary of five different dialects, proving conclusively that the language spoken by these people is essentially Malayan, and stands in nearest relation to the dialects spoken in the Philippines.

The Founders' Medal of the Royal Geographical Society was granted to Dr. SCHWEINFURTH, and the Victoria Medal to Major WARBURTON, who has lately crossed the interior of Western Australia from the M'Dowell Ranges to the coast north of Nicol Bay, passing over eight or nine hundred miles of territory never before trodden by the foot of a white man. The country traversed proves to be eminently barren and uninteresting in an agricultural point of view. For three months the expedition had nothing to live upon but dried camels' flesh and such roots and bulbs as they could gather.

Letters have just been received in England from the *Challenger*, at Melbourne, giving an account of her experiences between Simon's Bay and Australia. The usual report was transmitted, showing results of great interest in the collection of physical facts and the gathering of many natural history objects. The ship was at Kerguelen Land on the 3d of January, and remained there a considerable period, making careful surveys and collecting specimens. Previous to the departure from the harbor a cairn was built, and papers of instruction left for the transit-of-Venus party. The first iceberg was seen on the 11th of February, and these increased to such an extent as to involve some danger to the vessel. On the 24th of February they were on the coast of the so-called "Termination Island," but no signs of land were to be seen. She arrived at Melbourne on the 17th of March.

It is announced that the King of Sweden has conferred upon Mr. LEIGH SMITH, the arctic explorer, the Order of the Polar Star, as an acknowledgment for his services in the spring of 1873 in rescuing the Swedish expedition which had been prematurely frozen up in the ice the preceding autumn.

The Abbé DAVID, to whose researches in the exploration of the little known region between China and Thibet we have already referred, has had a follower in the person of Mr. PRJEWALSKY, a staff officer of the Russian army, who has lately explored Dzoungaria, Koukou Noor, and Moupin. Like his predecessor, he brings large collections of natural history, and especially of insects, which promise to be as interesting as the vertebrata.

Professor QUETELET, whose death we have announced, has been succeeded in the office of Perpetual Secretary of the Belgium Academy of Science by Mr. J. LIAGRE.

A new mite (of the genus *Tyroglyphus*) has been discovered in vast numbers in a species of mushroom.

According to the report of a recent commission, we learn that by the use of the microscope, either alone or associated with chemical analysis and the spectroscope, it is now possible to obtain certainty as to the question whether stains are really those of blood or not, although it is by no means practicable, except when the stains are recent, to decide whether they are from man or belong to some other animal.

If the stains are old and the blood is changed, a reaction with the tincture of guaiacum will suggest the presence of blood; but its actual existence can not be ascertained without spectrum examination, or the production of crystals of hydrochlorate of hematine. One of the two is sufficient.

According to Professor ABBE, of Jena, the limit of capability of a microscope in showing the structure of tissues and the character of minute objects has nearly, if not entirely, been reached, higher powers than those now in use giving rise to optical phenomena which are likely to completely mask the structure and character of the object under examination. Thus it may happen that while different structures give the same microscopical image, like structures will give different images; and while systems of fine lines and the like may appear ever so distinct and well marked in the microscope, we are not entitled to regard such appearances as of morphological significance, but merely as physical phenomena from which nothing can be inferred except the presence of such structural conditions as are capable of producing the diffraction effects obtained.

These observations apply more especially to the marking of certain diatoms and of striated muscular fibre. According to Professor ABBE, by no microscope can parts be distinguished if they are so near to each other that the first bundle of light rays produced by diffraction can no longer enter the objective simultaneously with the undiffracted cone of light.

Professor WARREN DUPRÉ, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, communicates to the *Orphans' Friend*, published at that place, some interesting details gathered by him in relation to the recent earthquake phenomena in the neighborhood of Bald, Stone, and Round mountains in North Carolina. He states that, in company with other persons accustomed to accurate observation, he examined this region in the latter part of March. The mountains in question are three peaks of a ridge extending ten miles in a direction northeast to southwest, averaging over 3000 feet high, and which is one of the ridges that flank the Blue Ridge proper. Geologically considered, this ridge consists of granite slates without any evidence of volcanic rocks, and is covered every where with a dark rich soil and a growth of heavy timber. Professor DUPRÉ states that from fifty to seventy-five shocks occurred between the 10th of February and the 20th of March. In almost every case the noise that was made was simultaneous with the shock that was felt. The latter seemed to follow the direction of the rumbling sound with which the noise of the explosion usually ends. Certain days were marked by loud reports and severe shakes. Those living on the top of this ridge assert that the shocks appeared to be all under and around them: those living at a distance from it uniformly point to the ridge as the region from which the sounds and shocks appeared to come. The noises occurred as often in the night as during the day, in fair weather as in foul, and the shakes were felt to a distance of five miles on each side of the mountain ridge, and to a distance of twenty-five miles northeast and southwest of it. This testimony was collected from thirty or forty persons, whose uniform concurrence places the facts beyond the possibility of doubt. The shakes were frequently so severe that stout log-houses shook alarmingly. On the 19th of March Professor DUPRÉ's party had the pleasure of experiencing one of these earthquakes, and it is described by them as a loud explosion followed by a low reverberating sound, no shocks being noticed by those traveling in buggies, although those standing on the ground felt it tremble under them. The hypothesis that these noises are caused by the blasting of rocks is held by Professor DUPRÉ to be entirely unsatisfactory. No blasting, as far as he could learn, has taken place within a considerable distance of that neighborhood for many months past, and the observation that the sounds and shocks are nearly simultaneous wherever observed is inconsistent with the phenomena of blasting. He is inclined to believe that most of the noises accompanying earthquakes are the secondary effects of a force acting at a great depth, and concludes that the phenomena connected with the agitation of Stone Mountain must be referred to that general volcanic or earthquake force which has its origin deep down in the earth's crust. He sees no evidence of any volcanic action properly so called, neither in the immediate region of this mountain nor in the neighboring portions of the Blue Ridge.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"OLD ORCHARD!" shouted the conductor; and we stepped from the car upon a long platform crowded with trunks, umbrellas, and very moist people. It was raining dismally; but an umbrella was waiting for us, and its owner escorted us at once to comfortable quarters. In fifteen minutes we were snugly settled in our room, and resting eyes and head with the magnificent sea view from the windows. Maine's popular sea-side resort is about one hundred miles from Boston, and is well furnished with large and commodious hotels, smaller ones of less pretensions, and many boarding-houses. Prices are moderate, and the surf bathing here is unsurpassed, and can be enjoyed without danger. There are eighteen miles of hard, level beach, forming a most delightful drive. Health and pleasure seekers here take their brisk walk on the hard white sand before breakfast, their surf bath midway in the forenoon or afternoon, at pleasure, and their drive on the beach when they can see the rare beauty of the sea and the sunset combined. The beach is very lively at evening, its breadth affording abundant room for carriages and pedestrians. At Old Orchard also are the head-quarters of the Methodist camp-meetings. Forty-five acres of land have been purchased, about fifteen of which are forest, which affords delightful shade for the auditorium, a natural amphitheatre which is capable of seating many thousands. The camp-meeting this year commences the 12th of August. Adjoining the camp ground is Fern Park, a popular resort for dwellers at the sea-side. Near the hotels also the Indians have a sort of encampment, where they make baskets and sundry pretty trifles, which they sell in their temporary wigwams, with a keen eye to the dollars and cents. In the grove where the Indians abide we noticed a variety of arrangements for minor amusements, for the benefit of any unsatisfied by the broad expanse of ocean. But for many the fascination of the white-crested waves never ceases, but increases from day to day.

This is the way the grasshoppers work at the West. A gentleman from Minneapolis states that one day he and some friends saw the pests coming, the air being full of them. They alighted on a seven-acre field of corn, and covered the leaves and stalks so that they bent to the ground. In twenty minutes every stalk in the entire field was stripped bare.

The Washington Monument Society is making another effort to secure the completion of the unfinished shaft which has so long stood like a national reproach. Subscriptions are coming into the hands of the secretary—none passing through the hands of agents. About $500,000 are required; and it is hoped that the monument will be finished during the Centennial year.

Brooklyn's Sanitary Committee have provided for the thorough investigation of the composition of the candies and confectionery sold to the public. It appears that many children have been made sick by eating candies, and it is thought that the adulterations are the cause. Various substances are used in the manufacture of cheap confectionery—terra alba, lamp-black, prussic acid, sulphuric acid, gamboge, chrome-yellow, verdigris, and many other drugs and compounds which are by no means wholesome. There are probably a few manufacturers who refrain from the use of these articles. But investigation is a good thing; and, coming some months before Christmas—the great candy-eating time—it may prove a great blessing to the children.

According to the records of the ancient Scandinavians, it was an Icelander who first discovered the continent of America. In the year 1002 two Icelanders who traded between Iceland and Norway sailed toward the southwest until they reached a country of attractive appearance, which they called Markland; but, from the description given, it was probably Nova Scotia. Another vessel was fitted out with thirty-five men, and still sailing south, they came to a finer country, where they passed the winter. They called the country Vineland, and it is believed by many that Vineland was the coast of New England—probably Massachusetts. Lief was the name of the commander of this expedition; and it may be remembered that Ole Bull was recently collecting subscriptions among his countrymen to erect a monument to Lief, the first alleged discoverer of America, who touched American soil four or five hundred years before the landing of Columbus.

Under the arrangements of the Postal Convention with France, the postage on letters to that country will hereafter be nine cents for each half ounce.

The Pope proposes to sell certain jewels and precious stones which are in his possession, and two jewelers have been sent from Paris to estimate their value.

At Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, about one hundred of the bathing-houses have been moved nearer the water, to accommodate the new railroad which runs between them and the bluffs.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* has the following statement: "The grasshoppers on their way south stopped a railroad train and got copies of the St. Paul papers. When they read that only a small portion of the crops had been destroyed they started back to finish up the job."

What makes the difference? In London the week ending July 11 was unusually hot, the thermometer marking 92° in the shade on several days. The death rate was higher than the average, being 20 per 1000. In New York the death rate for the week ending July 25 was 44.12 per 1000, and there was during the week no unusually hot weather.

Nobody need be told that about thirty miles above Saratoga is the most beautiful lake in our country, thirty-six miles long and from one to four miles broad. In June it is surpassingly lovely, for then there is a peculiar clearness in its waters, and the green of the many islands is beautifully fresh. But Lake George is charming at any time. Black Mountain rises on its eastern shore over two thousand feet above the water; the scenery is exceedingly picturesque; fine summer residences dot the shore; the hotels are excellent; and historical reminiscences of varied interest fill the mind while making the trip over the lake and through the surrounding country. Excursions from Saratoga to Lake George are easily made.

Selling or purchasing dogs in midsummer must demand some nerve, and strong faith in the general value of the canine race. About three hundred persons, many of them dog-fanciers, attended the recent sale at the dog kennels of the late Mr. Francis Butler. The fact that one of the best friends of dogs lost his life by hydrophobia did not seem to diminish the interest of the sale. There were some fine specimens of the best breeds in the world, and the total sum realized was about $1200.

Among the novelties shown at the recent International Agricultural Exhibition at Bremen was a straw-roof-sewing machine, which, according to the local reports of its efficiency, can turn out of hand from 1500 to 2000 square feet of water-tight roofing in an hour, requiring only two human assistants to accomplish its task. This ingenious machine, which has excited great attention at Bremen, was made by an English firm.

The Jubilee Singers have raised $90,000 by their concerts—$50,000 in England and $40,000 in America.

Salmon-fishing must be superb in Cascapedia River, Canada. An Albany editor states that one afternoon he took two fishes weighing more than thirty and twenty pounds respectively. Of trout he writes: "The trout here are very large and very abundant, but we won't bother with them. I gave an hour to it Saturday, and caught forty—one of four pounds, and four that weighed twelve pounds—inside of twenty minutes. We lose our patience when a trout strikes."

The circumstances attending the death of a Methodist clergyman and his wife by lightning are remarkable. They are given in detail by the Virginia *Republican*. Rev. Richard S. Shreve, of the Botetourt Circuit, with his brother, a preacher of an adjoining circuit, had been visiting friends one afternoon, but toward night returned to the house of the first-named. Tea was prepared, but before eating family worship was proposed. The youngest child, being fretful, was taken into another room by the elder sister, a girl of seven. The servant-girl was seated in the centre of the room, the others near the windows. The sky was overcast, and a few drops, premonitory of a shower, had already fallen. Just as the Bible was opened to commence the service there came a death-dealing electric stroke. The absent little girl, hearing the report, ran into the room, and saw her father and mother prostrate on the floor, her uncle staggering helplessly about the room, and the servant paralyzed with terror. The nearest neighbor was half a mile distant. Thither the child went for help, through the pitiless storm. The uncle recovered, but there was no help that could restore the parents.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STUMP orator out West, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, did it in this wise: "I have heard," said he, "some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise instant after one human being dies another is born, and that the soul of the deceased enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some hours previous to his nativity nobody died."

When Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffreys, "Richard," said the Chief Justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I did not know," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

A pretty little dog had written on its collar the following distich:

> "This collar don't belong to you, Sir;
> Pass on—or you may have one too, Sir."

The same person might have been the proprietor of another dog, upon whose collar was inscribed:

"I am Tom Draper's dog. Whose dog are you?"

A little girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma. "I was a little afraid once when I went into the pantry to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked the mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the tarts."

"Can you tell me where the wicked boys go who fish on Sunday?" asked a sober-looking gentleman of a little chap who had worms and a rod. "Yes; some of 'em goes to the river, and them as is very wicked goes to the lake. I'll show you the best place at the lake."

Jerrold said to a very thin man, "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

A certain deacon being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, he received the following polite note: "Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

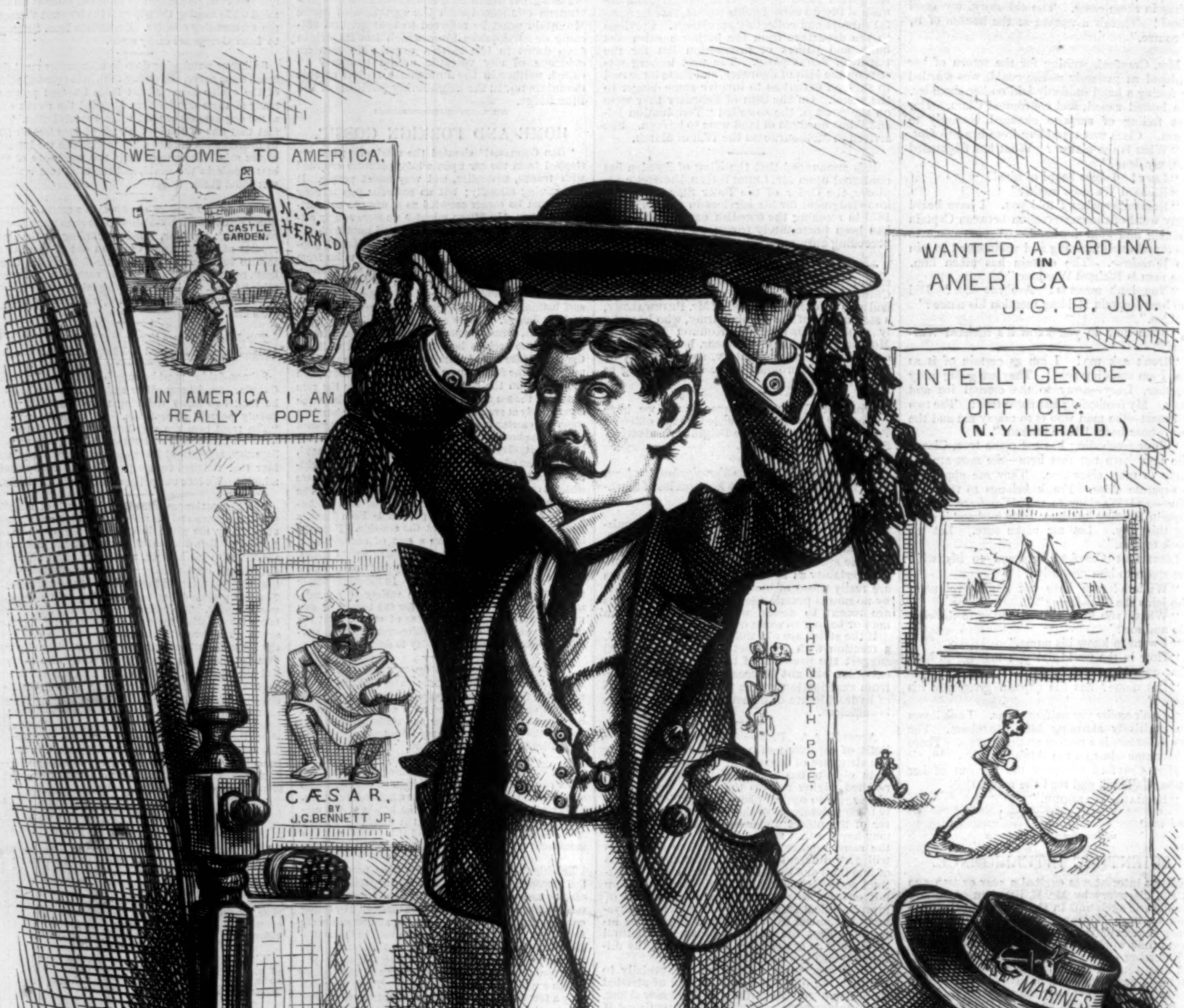
A pompous village clergyman felt his dignity mightily offended by a chubby-faced lad who was passing him without moving his hat. "Do you know who I am, Sir, that you pass me in that unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think, Sir." "Whew! maybe it is so, for you teaches me, but I feeds myself."

A mathematician being asked by a wag, "If a pig weighs 200 pounds, how much will a great boar (*bore?*) weigh?" he replied, "Jump into the scales and I will tell you immediately."

Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?—Because there are more of them.

It is recorded of Sydney Smith that he was once asked by Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, to sit for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" was the reply of the witty divine.

A certain witness in an action for assault and battery mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honor, I jist hauled off an' wiped his jaw. Jist then his dog cum along, an' I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honor; hit Dennis. An' then I up wid a stone an' throwed it at him, an' it rolled him over an' over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honor. An' he got up an' hit me again." "The dog?" "No, Dennis. An' wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs an' run off." "Dennis?" "No, the dog. An' when he came back at me he got me down an' pounded me, yer honor." "The dog came back at you?" "No, Dennis, yer honor. An' he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honor."


WELCOME TO AMERICA.
CASTLE GARDEN.
N.Y. HERALD
IN AMERICA I AM REALLY POPE.
CÆSAR, BY J.G.BENNETT JR.
THE NORTH POLE.
WANTED A CARDINAL IN AMERICA J.G.B. JUN.
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE. (N.Y. HERALD.)
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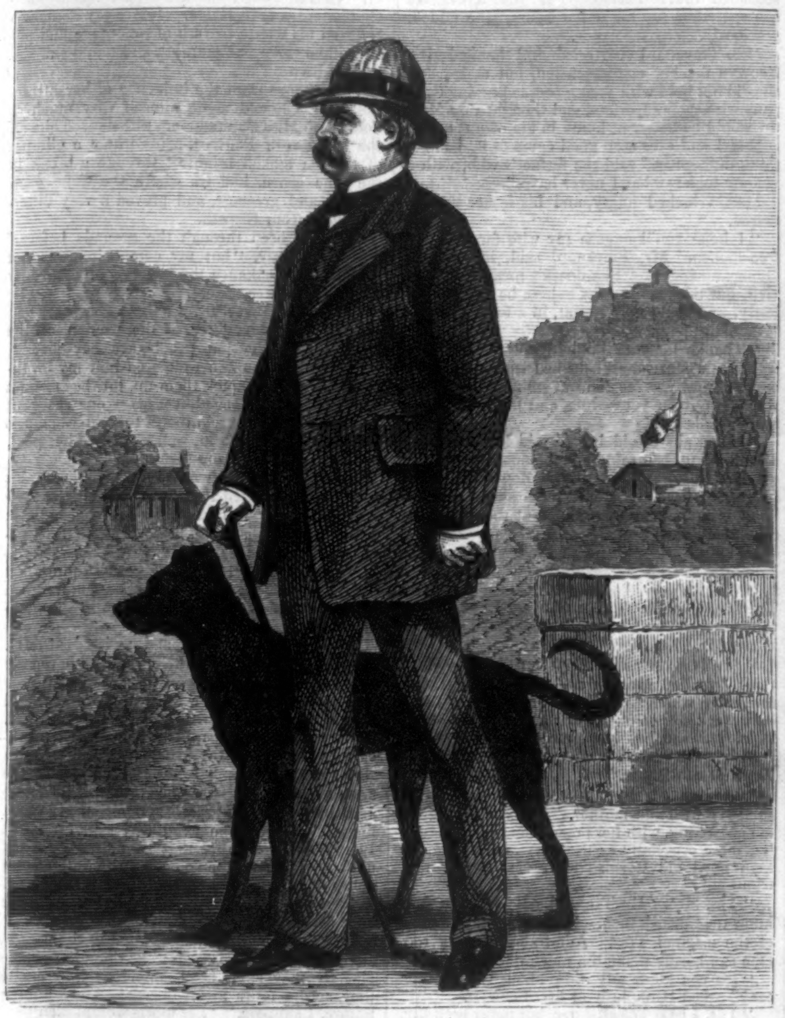
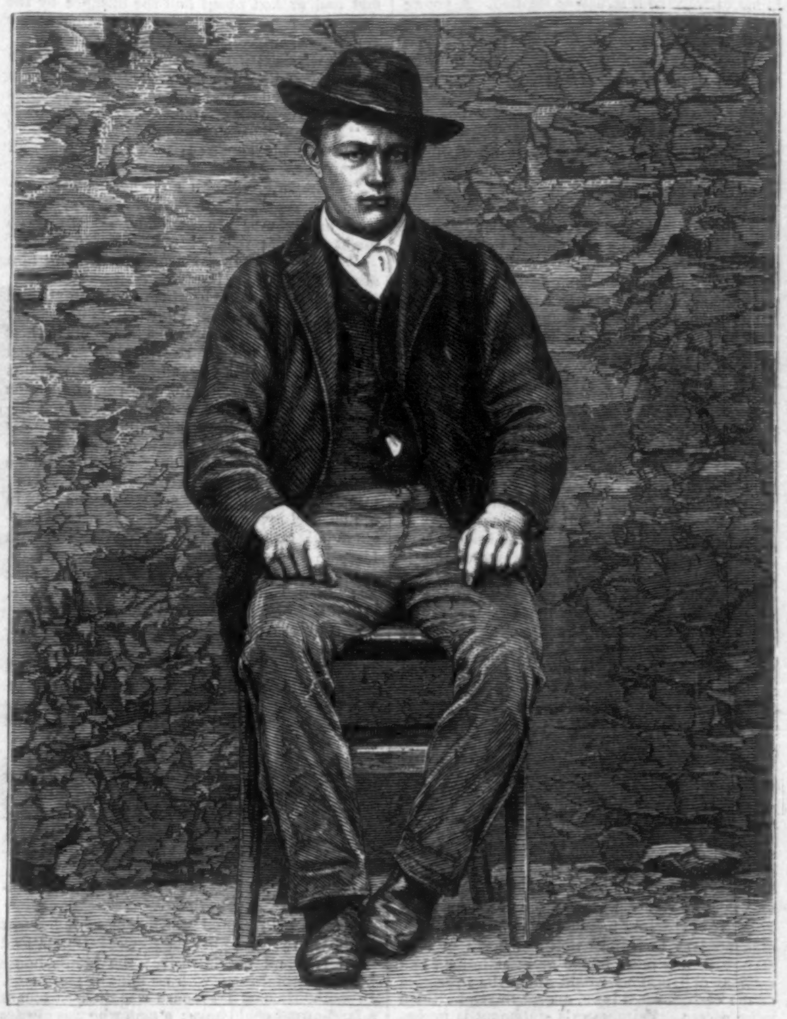
WHO OUGHT TO HAVE THE CARDINAL'S HAT IN AMERICA?—[SEE PAGE 702.]



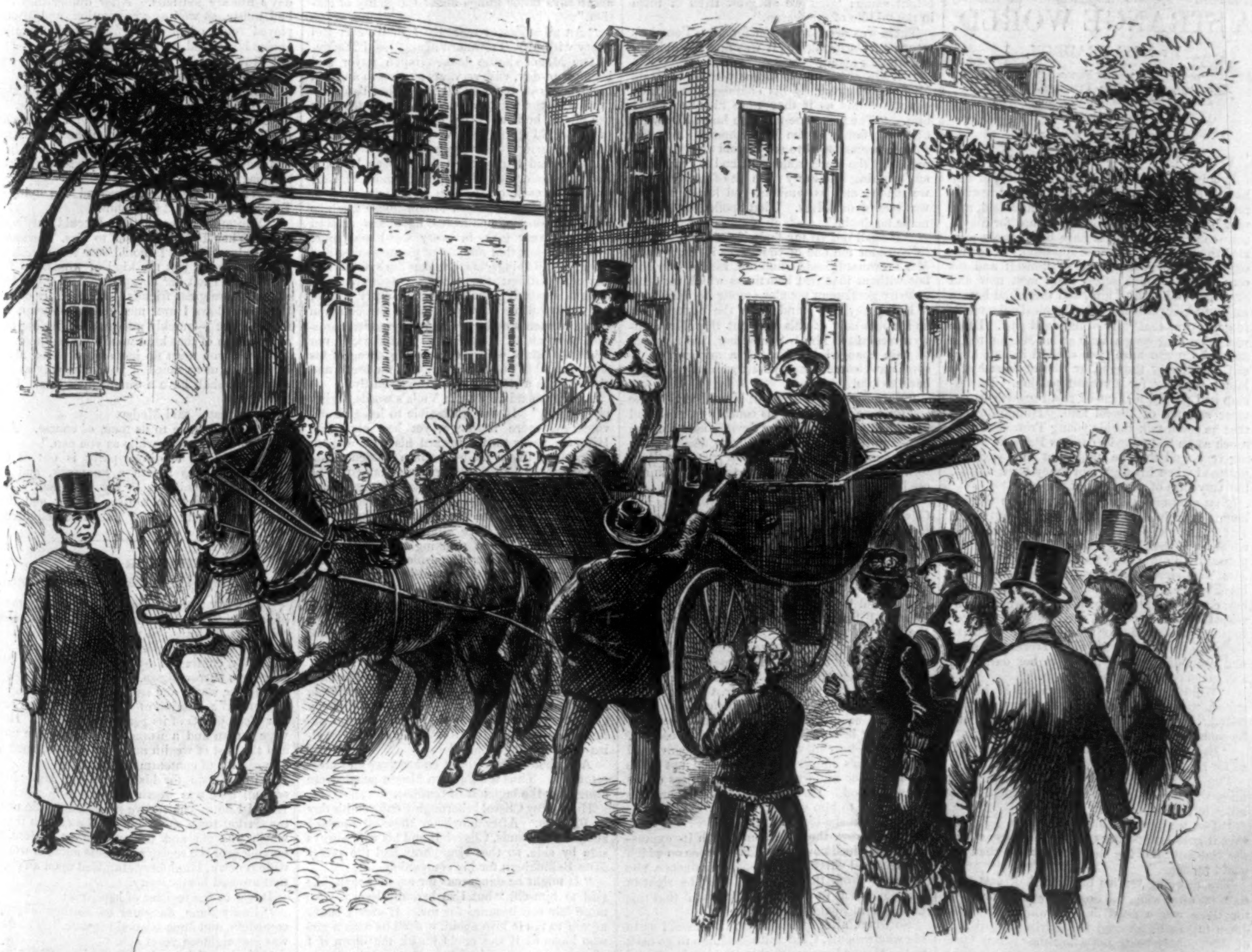
BISMARCK ON THE PROMENADE AT KISSINGEN.



FRANZ EDWARD LUDWIG KULLMANN, BISMARCK'S ASSAILANT.

BISMARCK'S ESCAPE.

We give on this page an illustration of the late attempt to assasinate Prince Bismarck at Kissingen, and the portraits of the Prince and the man Kullmann who fired the shot that came so near robbing Germany of her greatest statesman. The event took place on the 13th of July, about a quarter past one in the afternoon. The Prince had just left his house for a carriage ride in the park. A crowd of persons, chiefly ladies, had gathered to see the Prince, and as the carriage started he was loudly cheered. He replied by bowing, at the same time raising his hand to his hat. At this moment the report of a pistol was heard, and the Prince was seen to fall back



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF BISMARCK.

in his carriage as if struck or startled. A young man who stood near the carriage immediately broke through the crowd, and attempted to run away. An eye-witness, suspecting this must be the man who had fired, collared him, and after a severe struggle he was secured and taken to prison. The shot was well aimed. The ball entered the fleshy part of the thumb, making a glancing wound. But for the motion of his hand, which changed the direction of the ball, the Prince would probably have been struck full in the face. The wound, though troublesome, was not dangerous, and Bismarck appeared in public in the evening to thank the crowds that assembled to congratulate him and the people of Germany on his escape from death.

After his wound was dressed the Prince visited the assassin in prison. It appeared that Kullmann was a cooper by trade, twenty-one years of age, and a zealous member of the Catholic Society of Young Men. He arrived at Kissingen on the 12th of July for the purpose of killing Bismarck, having harbored that intention for several months. On the way thither he purchased an old rusty pistol, and stopped occasionally by the way-side to practice himself in shooting at marks. He declared, when brought before the police, that his motive in attempting the deed was "on account of the ecclesiastical laws," and positively denied having been incited by other persons. Prince Bismarck was present during part of the culprit's examination, and spoke kindly to his would-be assassin, telling him once, in his quiet, pleasant manner, "It is not fair when a man shoots at his fellow-countryman."

As may be seen from his portrait, engraved from a photograph taken in prison, Kullmann is a man of stolid intellect, and his conduct during the examination by the police showed him to be a fanatic. He seemed to be entirely indifferent to the consequences of his act, exhibited no signs of regret, and attempted no defense. His act was for a moment believed to be the result of an ultramontane plot; and a Roman Catholic priest by the name of Hanthaler was arrested on suspicion of complicity with Kullmann. There was, however, no evidence of this, and the priest was shortly released. Whatever sins may be charged against the Romish priesthood, it is scarcely possible to suppose them so demented as to believe that the death of Bismarck or any other of the great statesmen and soldiers of Germany would affect the operation of the ecclesiastical laws, except to render them more severe. Kullmann's statement is probably correct. He is a stupid fanatic, whose heart was roused perhaps by priestly denunciations of Bismarck, which were not intended to provoke assassination.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WE ARE PAST THE SEASON OF DIVIDED ILLS."

If any one had asked Humphrey Clissold why he had bared old wounds in the dreamy restfulness of that June afternoon in the hay field, and why he had chosen Martin Trevanard for his father confessor, he would have been sorely puzzled to answer so natural a question. That inexpressible longing to talk of himself and his own sorrows which seizes upon men now and then had laid hold of him, and there had been a kind of bitter pleasure, a half-cynical enjoyment, in going over that story of the dead past. There was something sympathetic about Martin, too, a man who might have been crossed in love himself, Humphrey thought, or who at least had a latent capacity for sincerest passion. Friendship had proved a plant of rapid growth in the utter solitude of Borcel End. Humphrey felt that he could talk to this young Trevanard very much as he had talked to James Penwyn, knowing very well that he might not be always understood when his flights of fancy went widest, but very sure of sympathy at all times.

That afternoon was Saturday, and on the following morning perfect rest reigned at Borcel End. Even the ducks seemed less noisy than usual, as if their own voices startled them unpleasantly in the universal silence. Mr. and Mrs. Trevanard came down to the eight-o'clock breakfast—luxurious Sabbath hour!—in their best clothes, the farmer seeming somewhat embarrassed by the burden of respectability involved in sleek new broadcloth, and a buff waistcoat starched to desperation, Mrs. Trevanard stern and even dignified of aspect in her dark gray silk gown and smart Sunday cap.

"Would you like to go to church?" Martin asked, with some faint hesitation, lest his new friend, being something of a poet, should also be something of an infidel.

"By all means. You drive, I suppose, as it's so far?"

Penwyn Church, that lonely church among the hills, was the nearest to Borcel—a good seven miles off, at least.

"Yes, we drive to church and back. Mother says it goes against her to have the horse out on the Sabbath, but the distance is more than she could manage."

The morning service began at half past ten; so, soon after nine, the dog-cart was at the door, for there was a good deal of walking up and down hill to be allowed for, driving in this part of the country being not altogether a lazy business. The two young men, who occupied the back seat, were continually getting up and down, and had walked about half the distance by the time they came to the quiet old church, whose single bell clanged over the green hill-side.

"I'm blessed if the Squire and Mrs. Penwyn haven't come back!" cried Martin, descrying a handsome landau and pair in front of them as they drew near the church.

"Are you sure that's the Penwyn carriage? They were not expected three days ago," said Humphrey.

"Quite sure. We've no other gentry hereabouts, except the Margrave Park people, and they hardly ever are at home. There is no doubt about it; that is Mr. Penwyn's carriage."

"Then I'll renew my acquaintance with him after church," said Humphrey.

The old gray church, which he had explored two days ago, had quite a gay look in its Sunday guise. The farmers' wives and daughters in their fine bonnets; the villagers with their sunburned faces and Sabbath cleanliness; the servants from the Manor, occupying two pews under the low gallery, within which dusky recess the livery of Churchill Penwyn's serving-men gleamed gayly, while the bonnets of the maids, all more or less in the last Parisian fashion, made the shadowy corner a perfect flower bed. And, most important of all, in a large square pew in the chancel appeared the Manor-house family—Churchill, gentleman-like and inscrutable, with his pale thoughtful face and grave gray eyes, Madge, looking verily the young queen of that far western land, and Viola, fair and flower-like, a beauty to be worshiped so much the more for that frail loveliness which had a fatal air of evanescence.

"I'm afraid she won't live long," whispered Martin to his companion, in one of the pauses of the service, while the purblind old clerk was hunting for the antiquated psalm, Tate and Brady, which it was his duty to give out.

"Not Mrs. Penwyn? Why, she looks the picture of health," replied Humphrey, in a similar under-tone.

Martin colored like a school-boy justly suspected of felonious views in relation to apples.

"I meant the fair one," he gasped; "her sister."

"She? Ah! looks rather consumptive," replied Humphrey, heartlessly.

The Borcel End and Manor-house families met in the church-yard after the service—Borcel End respectful and not intrusive; the Manor-house kindly, cordial even, with no taint of patronage. In sooth, Michael Trevanard was the best tenant a land-owner could have; a man who was always improving his holding, and paid his rent to the hour; a man to take the chair at audit dinners, and stumble through a limping proposal of his landlord's health.

"You didn't expect to see us so soon, did you, Mrs. Trevanard?" said Madge, with her bright smile; "but we all grew tired of town in the middle of the season."

There was another reason for Mrs. Penwyn's return to Cornwall, but it was one she did not care to talk about.

"We're always glad to see you back," said Michael, screwing up his courage, and jerking out the words as if they were likely to choke him. "The place doesn't seem home-like when there's no family at the Manor-house. You see, we were accustomed to see the old Squire pottering about the place from year's end to year's end, and entering into every little bit of improvement we made; and as familiar, you know, as if he was one of ourselves. That spoiled us a bit, I make no doubt."

"It shall not be my fault if you do not come to consider me one of yourselves in good time, Mr. Trevanard," said Churchill, kindly—kindly, but without that real heartiness which makes a country gentleman popular among his vassals.

Humphrey was standing in the background, and it was only at this moment that Mr. Penwyn recognized him. Something like a spasm of pain changed his face for a moment, as if some unwelcome memory were suddenly brought back to him.

"Natural enough," thought Humphrey. "The last time we met was at his cousin's funeral, and it is hardly a pleasant idea for any man that he stands in the shoes of the untimely dead."

That momentary flush of pain past, Mr. Penwyn welcomed the stranger in the land with exceeding cordiality.

"How long have you been in Cornwall, Mr. Clissold?" he asked. "You ought not to come to Penwyn without putting up at the Manor-house."

"You are very good. I have been to the Manor-house, and ventured to put forward my acquaintance with you as a reason why your faithful old housekeeper should let me see your house. I dare say she has forgotten to mention the fact."

"There has been scarcely time. We only arrived last night. Let me present you to my wife. Madge, this is the Mr. Clissold of whom you have heard me speak; Mr. Clissold, Mrs. Penwyn; her sister, Miss Bellingham."

Madge acknowledged the introduction with something less than her accustomed sweetness. Although Churchill was so thoroughly convinced of the man's innocence, Madge had not quite made up her mind that he was guiltless of his friend's blood. He had been suspected, and the taint clung to him yet.

Still when she looked at the dark earnest eyes, the open brow, the firm mouth, with its expression of subdued power, the countenance on which thought had exercised its refining influence, she began to think that Churchill must be right in this opinion as in all other things, and that this man was incapable of crime.

So when, after questioning Mr. Clissold as to his whereabouts, Churchill asked him to go back to the Manor-house with them for luncheon, and to bring his friend Martin Trevanard, Madge seconded the invitation. "If Mrs. Trevanard can spare her son for a few hours," she added, graciously.

Mrs. Trevanard courtesied, and thanked Mrs. Penwyn for her condescension, but added that she did not hold with young people keeping company with their superiors, and thought that Martin would be better at home in his own sphere.

"If I had ever seen good come of it, I might think differently," said the farmer's wife, with a gloomy look; "but I never have."

Martin looked angry, and his father embarrassed.

"I hope you'll excuse my wife for being so free-spoken," Mr. Trevanard said, in a rather clumsy apology. "She doesn't mean to be uncivil, but there are points"—here he stuck hopelessly, and could only repeat, in a feebler tone—"there are points."

"Thanks for your kind invitation, Mr. Penwyn," said Martin, still flushed with shame and anger; "but you see I'm not supposed to have a will of my own yet awhile, and must do as my mother tells me."

"Come along, old lady," said Michael; and after making their salams to the quality, the Borcel End party retired to the dog-cart. The horse had been tethered on the sward near at hand, browsing calmly throughout the hour-and-a-half service.

Humphrey drove off with the Penwyns in the landau.

"What a very disagreeable person that Mrs. Trevanard seems!" said Madge. "I should think it could be hardly pleasant staying in her house, Mr. Clissold."

"She is eccentric rather than disagreeable, I think," replied Humphrey—"a woman with a fixed idea which governs all her conduct. I had hard work to persuade her to let me stop at the farm, but she has been an excellent hostess. And her son Martin is a capital fellow—one of Nature's gentlemen."

"Yes, I liked his manner, except when he got so angry with his mother. But she was really too provoking, with her preachment about equality, more especially as these Trevanards belong to a good old Cornish family. Do they not, Churchill?"

"Yes, love. By Tre, Pol, and Pen you may know the Cornish men. I believe these are some of the original Tres. Admirable tenants too. One can hardly make too much of them."

"Do you know any thing about their daughter?" asked Humphrey of Mr. Penwyn.

"Yes, I have heard of her, but never seen her. A poor half-witted creature, I believe."

"Not half-witted, but deranged. Her brain has evidently been turned by some great sorrow. From what I can gather she must have loved some one superior to her in rank, and been ill-treated by him. I fancy this is why Mrs. Trevanard says bitter things about inequality of station."

"An all-sufficient reason. I shall never feel angry with Mrs. Trevanard again," said Madge.

The Manor-house looked much gayer and brighter to-day, with servants passing to and fro, great bowls of roses on all the tables, banks of flowers in the windows, new books scattered on the tables, holland covers banished to the limbo of household stores, and two pretty women lending the charm of their presence to the scene.

Never had Humphrey Clissold seen husband and wife so completely happy, or more entirely suited for each other, than these two seemed. Domestic life at Penwyn Manor-house was like an idyl; simple, unaffected happiness showed itself in every look, in every word and tone. There was just that amount of plenteousness and luxury in all things which makes life smooth and pleasant, without the faintest ostentation. A certain subdued comfort reigned every where, and Churchill in no wise fell into the common errors of men who have suffered a sudden elevation to wealth. He neither "talked rich" nor told his friends, with a deprecating shrug of his shoulders, that he had just enough for bread and cheese. In a word, he took things easily.

As a husband he was, in Viola's words, "simply perfect." It was impossible to imagine devotedness more thorough, yet less obtrusive. His face never turned toward his wife without brightening like a landscape in a sudden gleam of sunlight. There was nothing that could be condemned as "spooning" between these married lovers, yet no one would fail to understand that they were all the world to each other.

Viola had long since altered her mind about Mr. Penwyn. From thinking him not "quite nice," she had grown to consider him adorable. To her he had been all generosity and kindness, treating her in every way as if she had been his own sister, and a sister well beloved. She had the prettiest possible suit of rooms at Penwyn, a horse of Churchill's own choosing, her own piano, her own maid, and more pocket-money than she had ever had in her life before.

"It comes rather hard upon Churchill to have two people to provide for instead of one," Viola remarked to her sister; "but he is so divinely good about it"—she was a young lady who delighted in strong adverbs—"that I hardly realize what a sponge I am."

And then came sisterly embracings and protestations. Thus the Penwyn Manor people were altogether the happiest of families.

Humphrey Clissold thoroughly enjoyed his day at Penwyn. After luncheon they all rambled about the grounds, Churchill and his wife always side by side, so that Humphrey had the pretty Miss Bellingham for his companion.

"It might be dangerous for another man," he said to himself, "but I've had my lesson. No more fair soft beauties for me. If ever I suffer myself to fall in love again, it shall be with a girl who looks as if she could knock me down if I offended her—a girl with as much character in her face as that actress poor James was so fond of. Of the two, I think I would rather have Clytemnestra than Helen. I dare say Menelaus believed his wife a pattern of innocence and purity till he woke one morning and found she had levanted with Paris."

Thus secure from the influence of her attractions Mr. Clissold made himself very much at home with Miss Bellingham. She showed him all the beauties of Penwyn, spots where a glimpse of the sea looked brightest through a break in the pine grove, hollows where the ferns grew deepest and greenest, and proved a very different guide from Elspeth.

"I have been through the grounds before," said Humphrey, "but my companion was not calculated to enhance the beauties of nature by the charm of her society."

"Who was that?"

"The granddaughter of the woman at the lodge. Rather curious people, are they not?"

"Yes, I have often wondered how my brother-in-law came to pick them up, for they are not natives of the soil, as almost every one else is at Penwyn. But Churchill says the old woman is a very estimable person, well worthy of her post, so one can say no more about it."

When Humphrey wanted to take leave, his new friends insisted that he should stay to dinner, Mr. Penwyn offering to send him home in a dog-cart. This favor, however, the sturdy pedestrian steadfastly declined.

"I am not afraid of a night walk across the hills," he said, "and am getting as familiar with the country about here as if I were to the manner born."

So he staid to dinner, and assisted at Mrs. Penwyn's kettle-drum, which was held in the old Squire's yew-tree bower on the bowling-green—an arbor made of dense walls of evergreen, cool in summer, and comfortably sheltered in winter.

Here they drank tea, lazily enjoying the freshening breeze from the great wide sea—the sea which counts so many argosies for her spoil, the mighty Atlantic! Here they talked of literature and the world, and rapidly progressed in friendliness. But not one word was said of James Penwyn, who save for that shot fired from behind a hedge would have been master of grounds and bower, manor and all thereto belonging. That was a thought which flashed more than once across Humphrey's mind.

"How happy these people seem in the possession of a dead man's goods!" he thought; "how placidly they enjoy his belongings! how coolly they accept fate's awful decree! Only human nature, I suppose. 'Les morts durent bien peu, laissons les sous la pierre.'"

Humphrey staid till ten o'clock, and left, charmed with host and hostess.

Churchill Penwyn had been at his best all day—a man whose talk was worth hearing, and whose opinions were not feeble echoes of Saturday's literary journals. After dinner they had had music, as well as conversation, and Madge played some of Mozart's finest sacred music, choice bits culled from the Masses.

"How long do you stay in Cornwall?" was the question at parting.

"About a week longer at Borcel End, I suppose. But I am my own master as to time. I have no legitimate profession—for I believe literature hardly counts under that head—and am therefore something of a Bohemian: not in a bad sense, Miss Bellingham, so please don't look alarmed."

"Why not come to us instead of staying at Borcel End?" asked Churchill.

"You are too good. But I could hardly do that. When I offered myself to Mrs. Trevanard as a lodger I said I should stay for a week or two, and she is just the kind of woman to feel wounded if I left her abruptly. And then Martin and I are great friends. He is really one of the best fellows I ever met, except—except the friend I lost"—quickly and huskily, feeling that any allusion of that kind was ill-judged here.

"Well, you must do just as you please about it, but give us as much of your company as you can. We shall have a dinner next week, I believe."

"Saturday," said Madge.

"You will come to us then, of course. And as often in the mean while as you can."

"Thanks. The dinner-party is out of the question. I travel with a knapsack, and am three hundred miles from my dress suit. But if you will allow me to drop in now and then between this and Saturday I shall be delighted."

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE DROWSY NIGHT GROWS ON THE WORLD."

The advent of the Manor-house family made life all the more pleasant to Mr. Clissold at Borcel End. It imparted variety to his existence, and the homely comfort of the farm-house was agreeably contrasted by the refinement of Mr. Penwyn's surroundings. He dined at Penwyn during the week, and as he became more familiar with the interior of Churchill's home only saw fresh proofs of its perfect happiness. Here were a man and a woman who made the most and the best of wealth and position, and shed an atmosphere of contentment around them.

With Martin for his companion, Humphrey saw all that was worth seeing within reach of Borcel End. They drove to Seacomb, the nearest market-town, and explored the church there, which was old and full of interest. Here, in looking over the register for some name of world-wide renown, Humphrey stumbled upon an entry that aroused his curiosity.

It was in the register of baptisms:

"Emily Jane, daughter of Mathew Elgood, comedian, and Jane Elgood his wife." The date was just eighteen years ago.

"Mathew Elgood! That girl's father was Mathew," thought Humphrey. "Can it be the same man, I wonder. Yes, Mathew Elgood, comedian: there would hardly be two men of the same name and calling. His daughter must be the age of the child baptized here, for I remember James telling me that she was just seventeen."

The infant was certainly recorded in the register as Emily Jane, and the young actress's name was Justina. But Mr. Clissold concluded that this was merely a fictitious appellation, chosen for euphony. He made up his mind that the child entered in these old yellow pages and the girl he had seen weeping for his friend's untimely death were one and the same. Strange that the sweetheart of James Penwyn's choice had been born so near the cradle of his own race! It was as if there had been some subtle sympathy between these children of the same soil, and their hearts held forth to each other spontaneously.

"Is there a theatre at Seacomb?" asked Humphrey, wondering how that quiet old town could have afforded a field for Mr. Elgood's talents.

"Not now," replied Martin; "there used to be some years ago. The building exists still, but it has been converted into a Wesleyan chapel. It answers better than the theatre did, I believe."

The week came to an end. Humphrey Clissold attended a second service at Penwyn Church and paid a farewell visit to the Manor-house on Sunday afternoon. This time he refused Mr. Penwyn's hearty invitation to dinner, and wished his new friends good-by shortly after luncheon, with cordial expressions of friendship on both sides.

He walked across the hills ruminating upon all that had happened since he first followed that track, with Elspeth for his guide. He had made acquaintance with the interior of two families since then, in both of which he felt considerable interest.

"Churchill Penwyn must be a thoroughly good fellow," he said to himself, "or he would never have behaved so well as he has to me. It would have been so natural for him to be prejudiced against me by that business at Eborsham. But he has not only done me the justice to disbelieve the accusation from the very first—he has taken pains to let me see I am in no way damaged in his opinion by the suspicion that has attached to me."

Humphrey had made up his mind to leave Borcel End next day. He had thoroughly explored the neighborhood, and thoroughly enjoyed the tranquil pastoral life at the farm-house, and he saw no reason for delaying his departure to fresher scenes. Mrs. Trevanard had heard of his resolution with indifference, her husband with civil regret, Martin with actual sorrow.

"I don't know how I shall get on when you are gone," he said; "it has been so nice to have some one to talk to whose ideas rise above threshing-machines and surface drainage. Father's a good old soul, but he and I have precious little to say to each other. Now, with you, the longest day seems short. I think you've taught me more since we've been together than all I learned at Helstone."

"No, Martin, I haven't taught you any-thing; I've only stirred up the old knowledge that was in you, hidden like stagnant water under a mass of duck-weed," answered Humphrey. "But we are not going to bid each other good-by forever. I shall come down to Borcel End again, you may be very sure, if your people will let me; and whenever you come to London you must come and take up your quarters with me, and I'll show you some of the pleasantest part of London life."

Humphrey Clissold really regretted parting from the young man who had been the brightest and most light-hearted of companions, and he regretted leaving Borcel End without knowing a little more of Muriel Trevanard's history.

He had thought a good deal upon this family secret during the past week, though in all his wanderings about the old neglected garden or down in the wilderness of hazel by the pond—and he had smoked many a cigar there in the interval—he had never again encountered Muriel. He had no reason to suppose there was any undue restraint placed upon her movements, or that she was unkindly treated by any one. Yet the thought that she was there, a part of the family, yet divided from it, banished from the home circle, yet so near, cut off from all the simple pleasures of her father's hearth, haunted him at all times. He was thinking of her this afternoon during his lonely walk across the hills. She was more in his thoughts than the people he had left.

It was past six o'clock when he entered the old hall at Borcel End, and he was struck at once by the quietude of the place. The corner where old Mrs. Trevanard was wont to sit was empty this evening. The hearth was newly swept, as it always seemed to be, and the fire, not unacceptable on this dull gray afternoon, burned bright and red. The table was laid with a composite kind of meal; on one side a small tea-tray, on the other the ponderous Sunday sirloin and a tempting salad, a meal prepared for himself, Humphrey felt sure. The maid-servant entered from the adjoining kitchen at the sound of his footsteps.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, they're all gone to tea at Limestone Farm. Mr. Spurcombe, at Limestone, is an old friend of master's. And missus said if you should happen to come home before they did, would you please to make yourself comfortable, and I was to lay tea for you."

"Your mistress hardly expected me, I suppose?"

"I don't think she did, Sir. She said she thought you would dine up at Penwyn, most likely."

Humphrey was not long about his evening meal. Perhaps he made shorter work of it than he might have done otherwise, perceiving that the maid was longing for the moment when she might clear the table, and slip away by the back-door to her Sunday evening tryst. Maid-servants at Borcel were kept very close, and were almost always under the eye of their mistress, yet, as a rule, the Borcel End domestic always had her "young man." Humphrey heard the back-door shut stealthily, and felt very sure that the kitchen was deserted. He drew his chair nearer to the hearth, and lighted a cigar and abandoned himself to idle thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. C. Prime is again in the White Mountains, draped in brown velveteen, his pockets bristling with "pistols, pipes, and guns and bows," and intricate fishing-tackle. Every night he comes in from his blood-thirsty tramp weighed down with game and things finny, and then delights listeners with charming chat about how he did it.

—Mr. Charles Morgan, one of the merchant princes of New York, who has already given $130,000 for the establishment of the Morgan School at Clinton, Connecticut, his place of birth, has just supplemented it by another gift of $30,000. Of this latter sum $5000 are to be used as a prize fund to promote excellence in certain studies, and $25,000 to be applied to founding a classical department.

—The Emperor of Russia has invited the Prince Imperial to visit him at St. Petersburg, in return for the hospitality shown by Napoleon III. to the Czar at the Paris Exhibition in 1867.

—President Grant commences to be waggish the moment he gets to salt-water. Recently the floor of the little summer-house in front of the Metropolitan Hotel at Long Branch gave way just as he, Governor Parker, and several Jersey warriors were concluding the review of the Seventh New Jersey. As the President stepped off he turned to Governor Parker and pleasantly remarked, "This is your platform, Governor, and not mine." It was the best he could do with it.

—Major-General Raffalovich, of the Russian army, is in the United States. Pipes is his specialty. He has 600 varieties. It is supposed he will Raffalovich ever he thinks the least practically useful before he returns to his Russia.

—Franz Liszt will come to America, it is said, provided he can get the necessary permit from his ecclesiastical superiors. The strictly legal writ of *ne exeat* ("no go") does not obtain in the Church of Rome, but certain papers are necessary.

—The tower in honor of Abraham Lincoln on Newman Hall's church in London is the first monument to a foreign ruler ever erected on English soil.

—A newspaper man in Paris writes as follows of one of the most eminent of French writers: "I saw 'George Sand' the other day. She had evidently come in from the country on business, and was going round to the various museums to while away time. I met her in the *salons* of the Louvre, and could not help being struck by the change which had come over her. You know, not very long since she was still beautiful, although she was short, fat, and squatty; now she is fat, squatty, and very ugly. Her features are so shockingly coarse, and even her once lovely eyes have lost their quondam brilliancy. The expression of her countenance is still fine, but there is grief written on every line of it, and, what is still worse, that indescribable *je ne sais quoi* which indicates disappointment."

—It is not to be wondered at that the particular hired man on the Hartford *Times* who wrote the following fourteen words is in the State Lunatic Asylum: "In the case of stolen cigars, the Partaga is as bad as the thief."

—M. De Merode, an eminent ecclesiastical official and almoner of the Pope, died a few days since in Rome. Originally a soldier, he found the priesthood more congenial to his tastes and ambition, and in his clerical gown was made Minister of War. He soon became known as one of the most successful of Roman speculators. He bought land partly under control of religious corportions, in large plots, for two or three francs a meter, and sold it for building sites for fifty or sixty francs. He thus accumulated a fortune of a million and a quarter of dollars. Like Antonelli and Torlonia, he succeeded in putting his hand upon property in every part of Rome. He was one of the few ecclesiastics who affected no concealment. There are two or three good Protestant clericals not a thousand miles from New York who have accurate notions about stocks, and know all about "puts," "calls," and that sort of thing.

—Mr. Alexander Agassiz is, we believe, the first young man in the country who combines the higher scientific pursuits with railroading. We notice in Poor's last annual railroad volume that Mr. A. Agassiz is president of four miles and a few bars of a tramway, called the Hecla and Torch Light Railroad, running from Calumet, Michigan, to Torch Light, Michigan. The equipment of that great trunk line consists of four locomotives and 163 freight-cars, and is owned and operated by the Hecla Mining Company. Its shares are not yet quoted at the Stock Exchange.

—Baron Schwarz-Senborn, the new minister from Austria, arrived in town on the 29th ult. In the same steamer came Theodore A. Havemeyer, Esq., the Austrian consul-general, who returns after a leisurely vacation of a year, to find a cordial welcome from his consular colleagues, and from his wide circle of personal friends.

—President Jewett, who has just assumed the responsible management of the Erie Railway, is a man of great practical experience in such matters. The office sought him, not he the office. He was given *carte blanche* as to all matters of subordinates and detail, and his salary was fixed at the respectable, but under the circumstances not exacting, figure of $40,000 per annum, the highest wage paid to any railway official in the world, unless it be the magnate of N. Y. Central, and what he gets is "something no fellow can find out."

—Mr. Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, went while in London to see Mr. Disraeli unveil the bronze statue of the late Lord Derby. His sketch of Disraeli, exactly as he appeared on the occasion, conveys a good idea of the present personal appearance of the man: "The Prime Minister wore an expression of the most funereal gravity. He looked aged and ill. His closely shaven face was very pale, with a sickly saffron tinge; his eyes were dull and sunken, and seemed to look within. The lines in his face are deep and strange, and those of an overworked and sorrowful man. He wore a spotless black frock-coat, buttoned about his slender waist and over his chest, and light pantaloons, loose and long. On taking his seat on the platform he did not remove his hat. When he stood up to speak he removed his hat, disclosing the celebrated front curl (which is quite attenuated, and seems to require constant care and cultivation), but kept upon his hands his lavender kids. He spoke less than ten minutes, gravely, heavily, slowly, without vivacity of tone, and but once varied from his accustomed attitude, leaning forward slightly, with his hands upon the rail of the front of the platform. The single variation was when he unexpectedly closed his address, when he deliberately raised his left arm, and pointed with outstretched finger to the statue which had, he said, been raised as 'an example.' The Prime Minister had evidently carefully considered his remarks. Some of the sentences appear to have been elaborately measured. As he spoke the words seemed to force themselves from his lips, which were not once fully opened, but contracted and bulged in a curious way."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	15.—National Conference of Unitarian Churches.
Sunday,	20.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Michael and all Angels.

The next Old Catholic Congress will be held in Freiburg on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September. One question of importance to be considered is the preparation of an Old Catholic law for Prussia similar to that of Baden. After the Conference there will be a gathering of the representatives of various confessions for consultation. Invitations have been sent out to English and American Churchmen, German Protestants, and members of the Greek Church.

From the minutes of the "General Association of Massachusetts" it appears that there are in that State 508 Orthodox Congregational churches, 314 pastors and 116 acting pastors, 25,810 male and 56,669 female members, making 82,479 members in all. The net gain of members during 1873 was 1015. Twenty ministers have died during the year; their average personal age was sixty years, their average ministerial age thirty-one years. During the last twenty-one years 265 Congregational ministers have died in Massachusetts; their average personal age was sixty-two years, and their average ministerial age thirty-five years. This certainly speaks well for the healthfulness of ministerial life.

The Public Worship Regulation Bill has passed the House of Commons, has been returned to the Lords, when, with the exception of one amendment by the Commons (in relation to cathedrals), the few changes made were agreed to, so that it is now virtually a law. We have already given a synopsis of this important measure.

The cable on August 5 reported Mr. Disraeli as saying of the strife between church and state in Europe that, in his opinion, "agencies were at work preparing a period of great disturbance." Reference is probably here intended to the Premier's speech in reply to Mr. Gladstone. What he then said was this: "I have never addressed any body of my countrymen for the last three years without taking the opportunity of intimating to them that a great change was occurring in the politics of the world, that it would be well for them to prepare for that change, and that it was impossible to conceal from ourselves that the great struggle between the temporal and the spiritual power, which had stamped such indelible features upon the history of the past, was reviving in our own time....I said then that it appeared to me of the utmost importance, looking to what is occurring in Europe, looking at the great struggle between the temporal and the spiritual power which has been precipitated by these changes, that in the disturbances and possible disasters which may await Europe, and which must to a certain extent sympathetically affect England, it would be wise for us to rally on the broad platform of the Reformation, believing as I do that those principles were never so completely and powerfully represented as by the Church of England, and that without the learning, authority, wealth, and independence of that Church, they would by this time have dwindled into nothing."

These are weighty words, and they have naturally left a deep impression upon the minds of the people of England.

The little State of Rhode Island has twenty-five Congregational churches, in which there are 4442 members. In twenty-eight years the churches have gained 1658 members.

The *Jewish Messenger* announces that "arrangements are perfecting with the Cincinnati University for the endowment of a chair of Hebrew literature, to be followed by additional chairs for a Hebrew Faculty, as the number and progress of the students shall demand." This is the second chair established by Hebrews in the United States, the first being that in Cornell University, now filled by Professor Adler.

The retirement of the Rev. Dr. Thirlwall, the Bishop of St. David's, from the episcopal bench and from active life is an event of no ordinary interest. He was consecrated in 1840, but has been long known as one of the ripest scholars in England. To him we owe the translation of Niebuhr's historical researches into English, and he was also one of the first to apply Niebuhr's critical method to the history of Greece. His name will always be associated with the names of Arnold, Whately, and the Hares, who during their lives were leaders of the best English thought. Archdeacon Basil Jones succeeds to the see.

At the bicentenary commemoration of Isaac Watts, in Southampton, England, it was stated that he sold the copyright of his hymns for ten pounds. It is proposed to erect in his native city a memorial hall, to consist of a lecture-room and school-room. It will completely cover what was once Watts's garden. The family of this famous lyric poet was one of great moral worth. His grandfather, Thomas Watts, commanded a ship under Admiral Blake, and his father, Isaac Watts, suffered imprisonment for his adherence to Non-conformity.

Promptly following the statistics of Northern Presbyterianism, those of the Presbyterian Church in the South have appeared. The number of its Synods is 12; of Presbyteries, 64; ministers, 1056; churches, 1764; communicants, 105,956; members added, 12,000; the total of contributions for 1873, including ministerial support, is $1,111,461. This would make Southern Presbyterianism numerically about one-fourth as strong as the Northern. All the items, however, indicate prosperity.

The difficulties attending the management of auricular confession by a married clergy are recognized by all who have given thought to the subject. One of these—"Who shall confess the priest's wife"—is bravely met by an English woman, the wife of a rector. According to a London paper, "this good dame, who disclaims any wish to be regarded as a 'priestess' herself, has, like the rest of us, her little failings, and these she has been taught to believe must be dealt with in the confessional. But who is to confess her? It might occur to some of us that the husband was the only proper person to act as the wife's confessor, but this, as the lady points out, would never do. He might be too partial, and absolve too easily, or he might impose penance with too light a hand. Or he might himself be accessory to a thousand things that equally compromise both husband and wife. And so, by consent of the former, the latter has sought out another priest 'into the porches of whose ear' she pours all family secrets and family sins. The arrangement seems to have answered admirably, and other 'priests' wives' are recommended to do likewise! And the 'seal of confession' is to be strictly observed between the rival priests; that is, Father A will not divulge to Father B a single syllable of what Madame B has said of his or her peccadilloes, while Father B will feign entire ignorance of any little tiff that may have taken place between the A's, and of which Madame A has given him full particulars."

The efforts of the Lutherans in the United States to come to a more perfect union resulted last year in the proposal of a Colloquium, or Conference, for the discussion of their points of disagreement. The question at issue is the full acceptance of the Augsburg Confession. The "Synodical Conference of North America," which held its third annual Convention in Pittsburg July 15-21, decreed against a formal acceptance of the Colloquium. Individual members will attend according to their pleasure.

The report that the German bishops who recently met at Fulda have made overtures for a reconciliation with the German government is so positively denied that further intelligence must be awaited. The bishops of Paderborn, Ermeland, and Mayence are classed as "irreconcilables," the bishops of Kulm, Osnabrück, Hildesheim, and the Vicar-General of Fulda as "reconcilables;" the Bishop of Breslau and the representatives of Cologne and Gnesen favor a middle course. The *Provincial Correspondence* of Berlin admits that proposals of peace have been made, but says that there is no hope that the state will make any concessions.

The Bavarian government has notified the Old Catholics that notwithstanding the refusal to give Bishop Reinkens express permission to exercise episcopal functions, it will interpose no objection to his holding confirmation at Kempten.

We have already furnished some statistics of the growth of a native Christian literature in Hindostan. This growth is fostered by the offer of special prizes for works of merit. Thus the Punjab Religious Book Society offers this year prizes of one hundred and two hundred rupees for essays on doctrinal or practical Christianity, either in "Undu or Punjabi." The essays may be original or adaptations from other languages. Books of this kind increase in numbers in India every year.

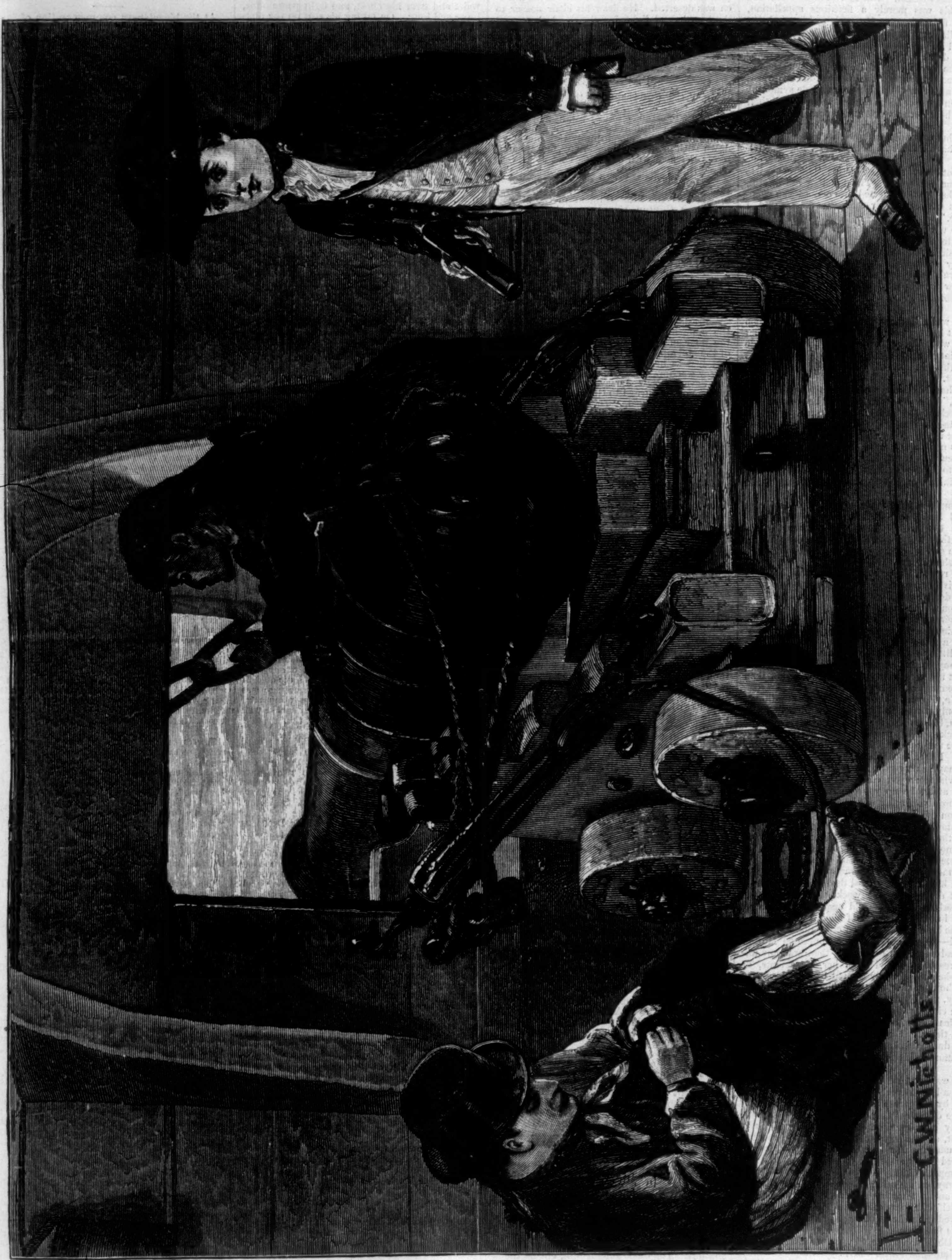
The establishing of Protestant missions in Germany would seem to be as bootless a task as "carrying coals to Newcastle," yet through the influence of Germans in the United States Methodist missions have been established in the Fatherland. The Methodist Episcopal German Conference was held this year at Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, beginning July 2. Bishop Harris, who is making a tour of the world, presided; Dr. Cramer, American minister to the Court of Denmark, was present. The Fourth of July, occurring during the session, was duly celebrated, in honor of America and the American guests of the Conference. The Methodist chapel being too small to hold the Sunday congregation, the use of the large vegetable market was tendered by the city authorities, and accepted. There a congregation of over 2000 persons assembled, among whom were the Mayor and other civil officers.

The Evangelical Association (Albright Methodists of America) held their German Conference at Zofingen, Switzerland, June 18. This body is very prosperous, having in Germany 6445 members and $50,000 worth of church property. The English Wesleyans also sustain missions in Germany. The *Swabische Merkur* of Stuttgart, in an article very flattering to German Methodism, estimates that the three Churches here named have 150 ministers, 15,000 members, and $300,000 of church property.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

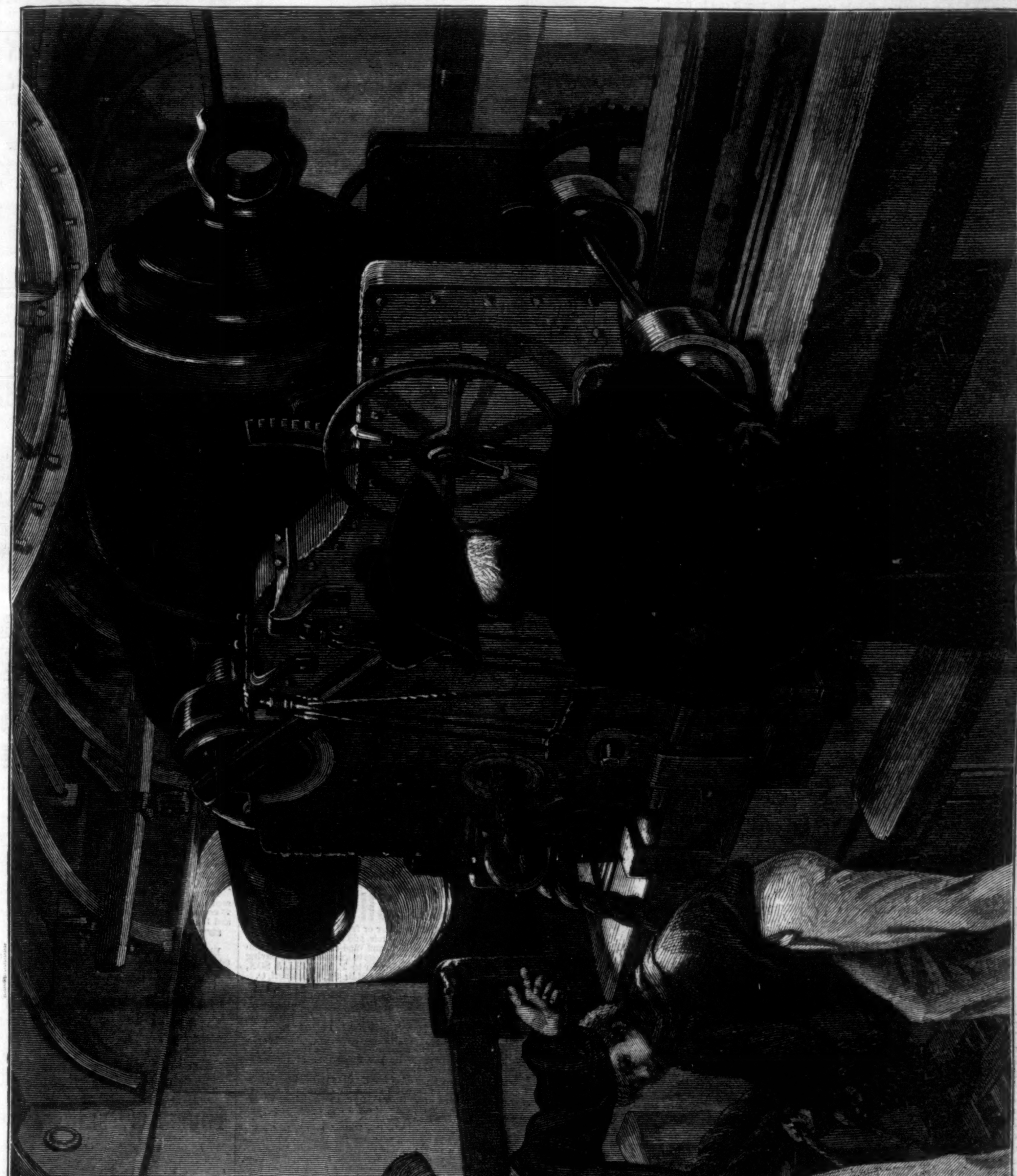
The great improvements made in artillery within the past twenty years have caused a complete revolution in naval architecture and naval warfare. The huge guns of a modern iron-clad would batter in the sides of the magnificent wooden ships that were once the pride and glory of the great maritime nations as easily as a paper boat would be sunk with a pebble. From a romantic and picturesque point of view the change is not agreeable. Nothing more superb can be imagined than an old-fashioned man-of-war, such as those in which Nelson swept the seas, or those in which our own sailors won their famous victories in the war of 1812. On the other hand, nothing could be more unsightly than a Monitor, with its low, flat hull, its turrets, and its mastless deck, while even the iron-plated ships have lost much of the beauty of curvature and form which belonged to the old style of battle-ship. Grace yields to utility in naval architecture, as in almost every thing else in this age of material progress, and there is little use in trying to arrest the universal tendency. One might as well essay the repetition of Joshua's miracle as to attempt to arrest the course of modern progress in the arts and industries. The world will never go back to the Middle Ages, in spite of the Pope and Mr. Ruskin. Still, this need not hinder us from admiring what is beautiful and grand in the old, and no one who has seen an old frigate or ship of the line but must confess that the Monitors and iron-clads of the present time are hideous in comparison. No genuine "old salt" has a partiality for the new style, except as the mere enginery of war. Our own Farragut always preferred wooden to iron ships, and on one occasion, when he was importuned to raise his flag on a Monitor, he is reported as having said with great energy that he would rather go to the bottom on a shingle than in a tea-kettle.

We fancy the old veteran in our picture, who may have sailed with Nelson in the days of England's greatest glory, has the same thought as he looks at the huge turret gun, too heavy to be moved except by complicated machinery, and thinks of the old thirty-two and sixty-eight pounders to which he was accustomed in his youth, which look almost like toys beside the immense Armstrong, Whitworth, Krupp, and Rodman guns of the present day. Large guns do not, however, belong exclusively to modern times. During the first half of the fifteenth century very large cannon, or bombards, as they were called, were manufactured. There was one in France that weighed 10,000 pounds, with a 400-pound projectile; another of 36,000 pounds, throwing a ball that weighed 900 pounds. These huge guns were generally made of several parts screwed together, and could not be moved unless taken apart. They were found to be too clumsy and unwieldly for general use, and were given up for more easily manœuvred calibres. The perfection of modern machinery has rendered the monstrous Armstrong and Rodman guns as easy of management as the lightest field-piece. Indeed, the limit of size seems not yet to have



THE OLD STYLE (1794).

been reached. Guns weighing eighteen, twenty-five, and thirty tons, enormous as they were considered a few years ago, are small in comparison with those now manufacturing for the English navy. The *Inflexible* is to have an eighty-ton gun, throwing a projectile of at least a thousand pounds; and still more ponderous pieces will probably supersede these in time. From the very first the means of destruction have kept pace with the advance of the means of defense. The first iron-clad ship, against whose armored sides the guns then in use were powerless, was met with the construction of guns that could crush in her plates like egg-shells; and as fast as the armor grew in weight and thickness, the more ponderous grew the guns. So the contest goes on.



THE NEW STYLE (1874).

HOW TO LOOK AT PICTURES.

Most people understand the principle of the stereoscope. They know that when Nature is looked at with both eyes, each eye sees a somewhat different view—though from the way in which these views are combined the difference is not generally recognized—and that, in order to give the true appearance of objects, receding and standing apart from each other (as viewed with both eyes), two different pictures must be taken, which must likewise be combined by means of lenses, as is done in the stereoscope; and when this is properly managed, the pictures no longer look like flat surfaces, but like the things themselves they are intended to represent, the objects all appearing to be in actual *bona fide* relief. That a great deal more is seen with two eyes than with one (when looking at things around) can easily be shown by simply holding up a finger at a span's length from the face, and at the same time looking at a small object behind it (such as a thimble) at a distance of a yard or two off. It will be found impossible to make the finger hide the thimble with both eyes open; but if one eye be shut, the finger can at once be made to conceal the thimble from the sight. Again, although a single painting, such as that of a statue in a niche in the wall, may be so well executed that at a considerable distance it is almost impossible to decide whether it is a statue or only a representation of one—and people have been deceived by such mural paintings when looking, for instance, from the boxes of a theatre to the walls opposite, under the influence of artificial light—still, there are no means at present known, or likely to be known, by which a single drawing (of landscape, scenery, shipping, buildings, and so forth), whatever its truthfulness or excellence, can be made to represent at a distance, say of from two to five feet, what would be seen with both eyes when looking upon the shipping, buildings, etc., or what would be seen when two stereoscopic pictures are combined, though a single drawing can, and often does, represent very exactly the scene presented to one eye by Nature.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the proper mode of looking at a drawing or picture is to do so with one eye only, for if looked at with both eyes, you can immediately detect that it is a mere picture on a flat surface (because, as before stated, there must then be two pictures to make a perfect deception), whereas, if only one eye is used, and the head is held perfectly still, then (as the mind is precisely under the same circumstances as it would be if the real objects themselves were being looked at with one eye, and having no means of detecting any difference between the representation and the real things represented) at a short distance a drawing, after a few seconds, does almost seem to be stereoscopic, or no longer appears as a mere flat surface; and this is the point to which we wish to draw attention. The same reasoning will of course apply to photographs and good engravings, especially to those of buildings (such as the Forum at Rome), cloisters, and interiors, and views of bare trees. Whether the foregoing explanation accounts for the phenomenon or not, there can be no doubt that the pleasure of quietly studying good drawings will be greatly enhanced by looking at them with one eye only.

THE KING OF ITALY'S HUNTING GROUNDS.

Victor Emanuel is a great lover of hunting and the chase, and the happiest weeks of his life are spent amidst the romantic Alpine scenes depicted in our sketch on page 692. While on these excursions the King and his suit lead a very simple life, sleeping in tents, and breakfasting and dining together on a plain table, spread in fine weather under the shadow of a tree, or, when it storms, in a rude hut.

The King does not, however, confine his hunting life to camping out. He has a handsome hunting chalet at Lauzon, fitted up with every convenience; while sometimes he will fix his quarters at Moncarné, in the valley of Valsavaranche, where a few rough buildings exist, as shown in our illustration. The largest is inhabited by the King and his personal attendants, while the others are occupied by the telegraphic service and the kitchens, the tents being tenanted by the various members of the suit. The King's bedroom, like the surroundings, is eminently primitive, a small iron bedstead and a few white pine-wood chairs and a table forming the only furniture. In the dining-room, a trifle larger, the curé of Valsavaranche says mass on Sunday mornings. Numerous paths have been made up and along the heights for the use of the King, who usually makes the ascent on horseback, except in places where the path is difficult and dangerous, then he dismounts and walks. At the summit there is a little roofless shed, with a rude stone seat, and here the King awaits the game driven toward him by the beaters.

A PARIS SKETCH.

A Frenchman is never too old or too sedate for the enjoyment of many amusements which Americans surrender to children. The lower sketch on page 692 represents a scene to be witnessed every day in the Champs Élysées at Paris, where grown people, old enough to be parents and even grandparents, take delight in riding the mimic horses of the merry-go-rounds.

WHO OUGHT TO HAVE THE CARDINAL'S HAT?

If gratitude and a lively sense of favors past and to come can move the heart of Pius the Ninth, he must take kindly to the suggestion so delicately conveyed in Mr. Nast's cartoon on page 696.

The *Herald* was first to discover that the heart of the American people was yearning for a cardinal, and that it would never be contented and happy until in possession of this precious boon. But for the *Herald* this would never have been suspected. The finding of Dr. Livingstone shrinks into insignificance in comparison with this remarkable discovery. The only question now to be decided is, who is to be the cardinal? The names of several "eminent prelates," to use the *Herald's* courtly language, have been mentioned in connection with the office, Archbishop M'Closkey, of this city, and Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, being the most prominent candidates. Some of the Western journals have suggested Mr. M'Master, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, in this city, as a suitable representative of his Holiness. As a consistent and determined enemy of free schools and republican institutions, a man in thorough sympathy with retrogression toward the Dark Ages in every thing, an advocate of priestly supremacy in education, in civil government, and in society, he would make a model cardinal of the mediæval type. But the *Herald* professes to believe the "Holy Father has not such an appreciation of newspapers as to welcome an editor into the Sacred College." Is not this pushing modesty a little too far? Is Pius the Ninth so ungrateful as not to appreciate the services of the *Herald*? Can he forget that it has repeatedly offered him an asylum in this country, where he would be free from the rage of Bismarck and Victor Emanuel? Can he be insensible to the attractive pictures drawn by the *Herald* of the honors awaiting him in New York when he shall come to establish the "papal court," which is to add so "largely to the attractions of the metropolis," and where he would be safe and free without the protection of a French man-of-war in the bay? If none of these things move him, he certainly can not be insensible to the advantage of having an official organ owned and edited by a cardinal, and of course closely devoted to his interests. Far be it from "unbelievers," as the *Herald* has designated Protestants, to presume to dictate as to the "distribution of the supreme honors of the Church" in "the Catholic fold in the United States;" but as the dilemma seems to be embarrassing, we modestly offer Mr. Nast's suggestion, and unite with the *Herald*, whose well-known Roman Catholic proclivities entitle it to speak with authority, in the hope that, if tradition and custom do not show the "Holy Father" a way of solving the difficulty, he "will find in the attributes of infallibility with which he has so recently been clothed a means of seeing how it can be done."

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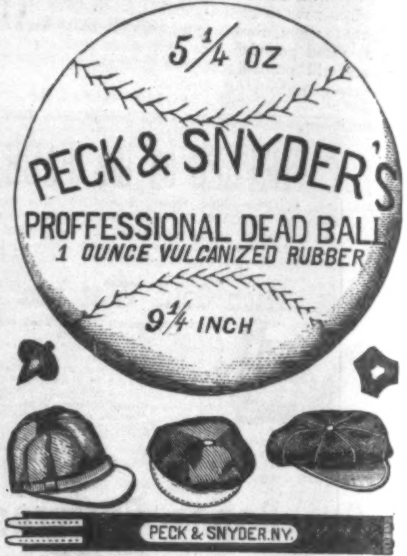

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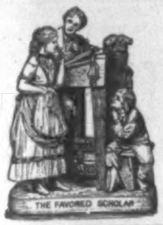

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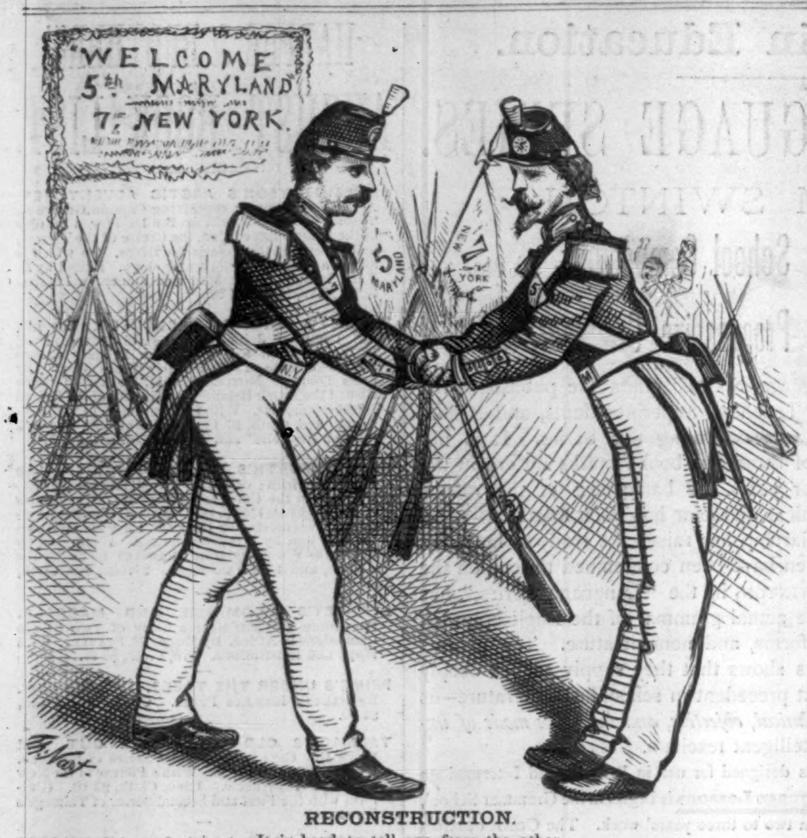

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Of its effects, those who have tested the preparation are the best judges, and they declare, over their own signatures, that the preparation will promptly relieve indigestion, regulate the flow of the bile, cure every species of headache, tranquilize the nervous system, refresh and invigorate the weak, mitigate the pangs of rheumatism, neutralize acid in the stomach, cleanse and tone the bowels, assist the failing appetite, cure the heartburn. If you are a sufferer, give this remedy one trial, and it will convince you of the above facts.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

This space of two full columns has been purchased for five weeks by Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., who could not afford to occupy so large a space, the price of which is $4 00 per line each week, or

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had he not some important matters of general interest to announce to the public.

Next week, under the head of "RECEIPTS FOR MAKING DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY AND DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," he will endeavor to entertain all those who will give the article attention.

Diseases of the Blood.

BY

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.,

OF THE

WORLD'S DISPENSARY,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash, or Erysipelas, Ringworms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores, and Swellings.

"The blood is the life." This is as true as a mathematical or any other scientific proposition, and one that should influence every physician. From the blood we derive our strength and mental capabilities. When this source is corrupted the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. From our blood our systems are built up and kept in repair. The strength of our constitutions and our powers of endurance, and the withstanding of disease-producing agencies with impunity, depend largely upon the condition in which our blood is kept. If it holds in suspension or solution, vile pestering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon vital and important organs, as the brain, lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect of these poisons in the blood is, many times, most disastrous. Hence, it behooves every one to keep the blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and the more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year. When you purify your blood to cure Salt Rheum or any Erysipelas humor, you not only cure those diseases, but you put your system in such an improved condition that you are not so liable to any other disease. No matter what the external or exciting cause may be, the real or direct cause of a large proportion of all chronic or lingering diseases is bad blood. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon the bad blood, a few of which I have enumerated at the head of this article, are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and execrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each minutely. For instance, medical authorities describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; but as all of these various-appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us.

The Liver is the great depurating, or blood-cleaning organ, of the system. Set this great "housekeeper" of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY AND PURGATIVE PELLETS

are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great, eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence.

Enlarged glands, humors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents. The system being put under their influence for a few weeks the skin becomes clear, smooth, soft, and velvety, and, being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory.

The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood, are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. The cure of all these diseases, however, is with the use of these most potent agents ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.

I do not wish to place my Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor do I so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that I acknowledge it will not cure; but what I do claim is this, that there is but one form of BLOOD disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. I do not recommend my Discovery for that disease, yet I know it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. Blood medicines, which are advertised to cure cancers, should be looked upon with suspicion, as the proprietors are evidently dishonest men.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury in some form or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have a strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded.

My Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of fluid extracts of native plants, barks, and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives, which later medical investigation and discovery have brought to light.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF WONDERFUL CURES.

ST. ELMO, ILL., July 8, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.:—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken great interest in this medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged, and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous system. So rapid and complete did the Discovery effect a perfect cure that it seemed more like magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound family physician in the house, and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness—without charge. We have never had a doctor in the house since we first began the use of your Pellets and Discovery. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to more than accomplish all they are claimed to do. I will only mention one as remarkable (though I could give you dozens). Henry Koster, furniture dealer, of this place, who was one of the most pitiful objects ever seen—his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to affect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of the Pellets, assuring him it would surely cure him. He commenced its use some six weeks since, taking two Pellets each night for a week, then one each night, and the Discovery as directed. The result is, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers himself cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunsford & Co., druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines, and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case.

Respectfully, W. H. CHAMPLIN,
Ag't Am. Exp. Co.

DOCTORS COULDN'T HELP HIM.

JOHN A. WILSON, Esq., Meigsville, Morgan County, O., writes: When I was twelve or fifteen years of age, I took what is called King's Evil or Scrofula, and by constant doctoring it would heal in one place and break out in another. It also broke out in my left ear. I sent ten miles for the first bottle of your Discovery, which did me more good than all other medicines I ever used. I am twenty-eight years old, and doctored with five doctors; not one of them helped me so much as one bottle of your Discovery. I am well and able to do a good day's work.

SALT RHEUM AND ERUPTIONS CURED.

MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS, Claversack, Columbia Co., N. Y., writes: I had been afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form for a great many years, until I bought your Golden Medical Discovery, and took two bottles and a half and was entirely cured. From my shoulders to my hands I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was also afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked only with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured.

HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

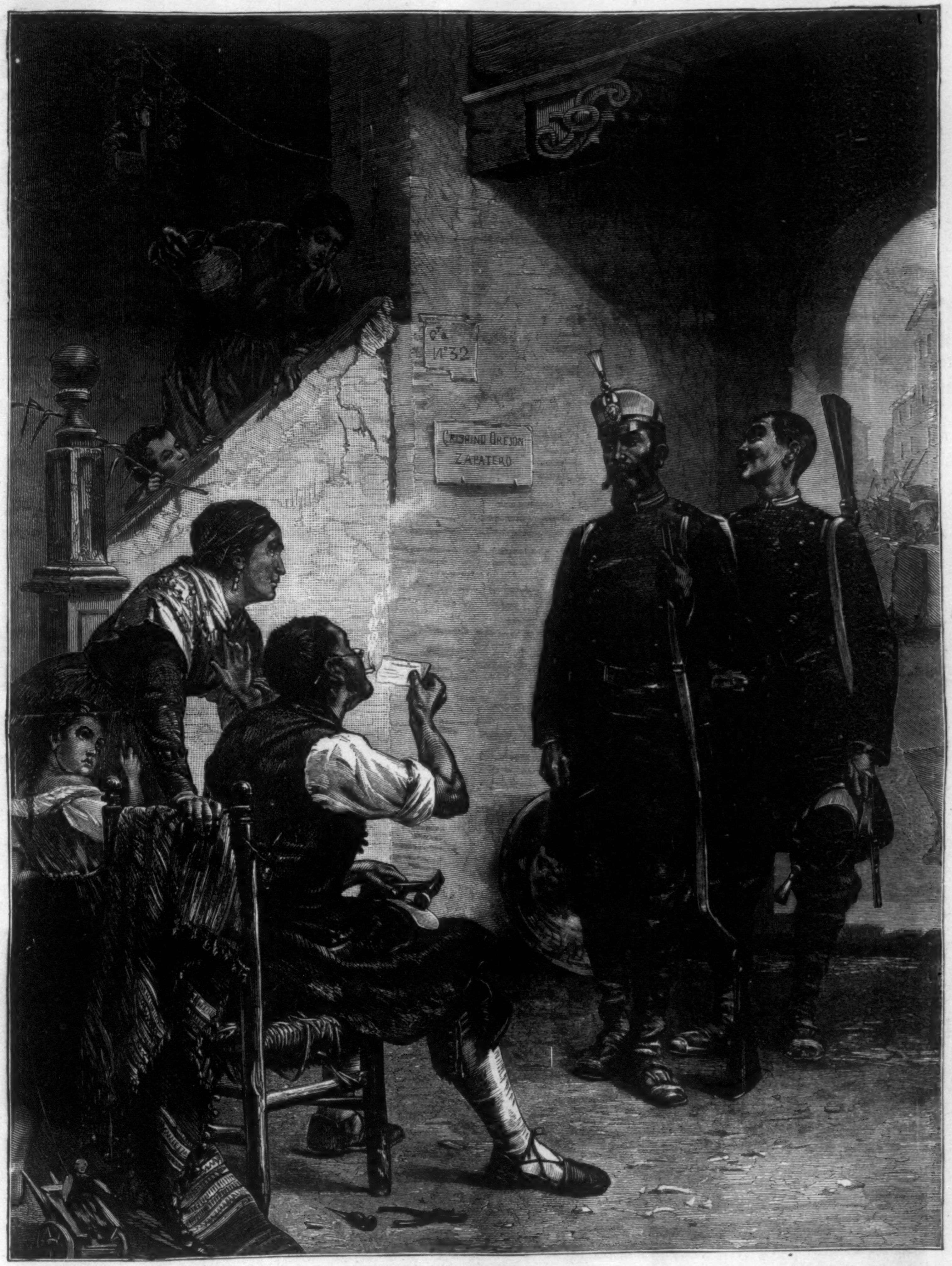
J. M. ROBINSON, West Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872, writes: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke out on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of $125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your great Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles and is still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood purifier and strength restorer.

Thousands of Testimonials

can be shown at the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., expressing the gratitude of those who have been cured by the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, of all forms of Blood Diseases affecting the Skin, Throat, and Bones.

Both Discovery and Pellets are sold by all first-class Druggists in all parts of the world.



BILLETED—SPAIN, 1874.

BILLETED.

This is a form of annoyance from which Americans, except in some emergency of war, are happily exempt; but in European countries, even in times of peace, families are liable to have soldiers "billeted" upon them, for a night at least, without the ceremony of asking leave. In time of war it is an every-day occurrence when a detachment of troops halts for the night near a city or village. The common soldiers are sent to the houses of the poorer classes, while the officers are entertained by those who are able to offer better accommodations. Our illustration shows a couple of Spanish soldiers who have been sent to the house of an evidently well-to-do shoe-maker. One of them has handed the "billet" or order to the involuntary host, who scans it carefully through his spectacles, while the matron anxiously scrutinizes the faces of her uninvited guests, as if to read their character. She knows they must be made welcome, and entertained with the best the house affords. There is no choice in the matter, however inconvenient it may be, or however disagreeable the soldiers may make themselves. One of them seems already inclined to get up a flirtation with the buxom servant who leans over the stair-railing, an interested spectator of the scene. If one may judge from the expression of her face, however, she is thinking more of her additional work than of flirting with the young soldier.

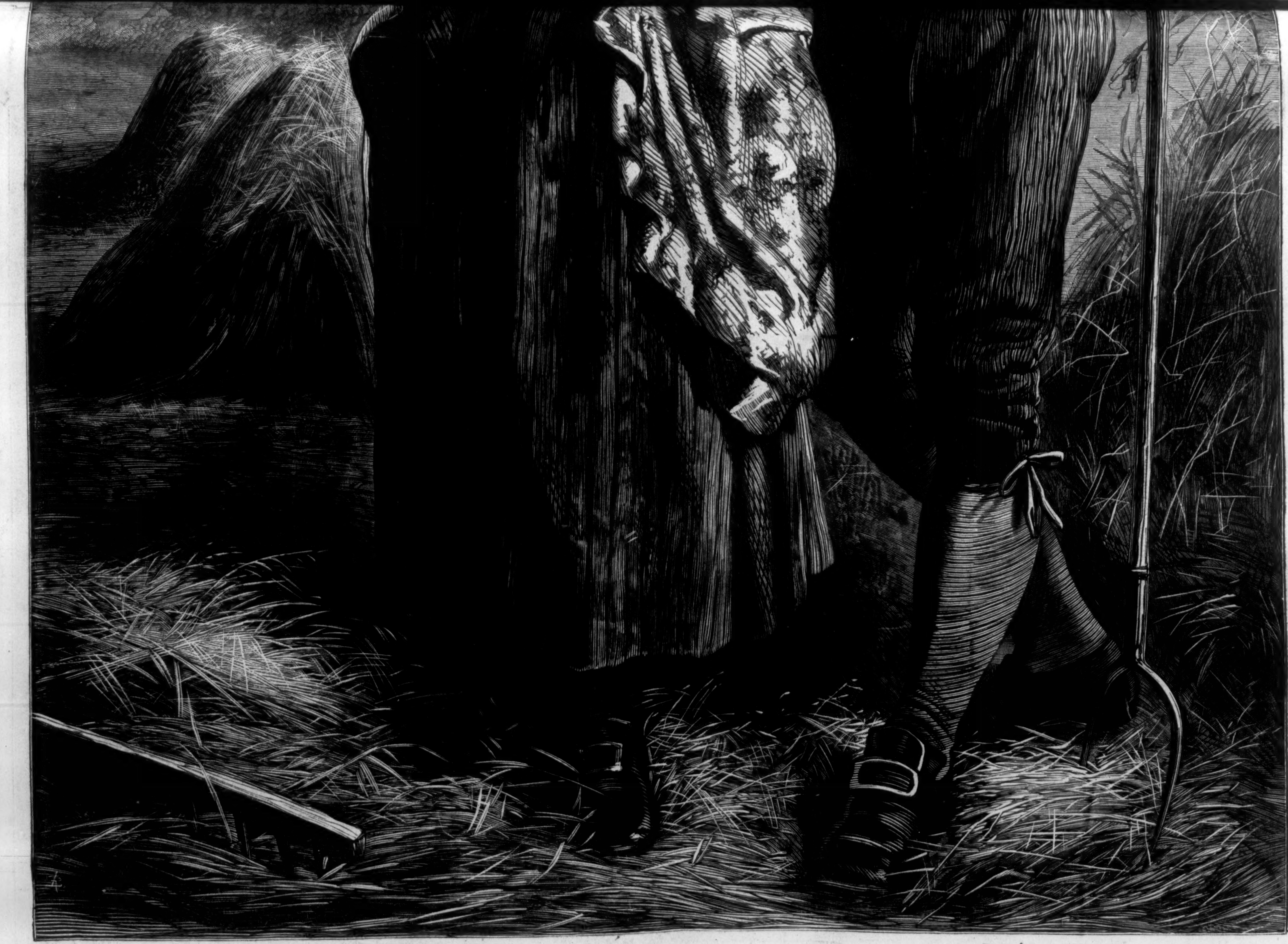
MAKING HAY.

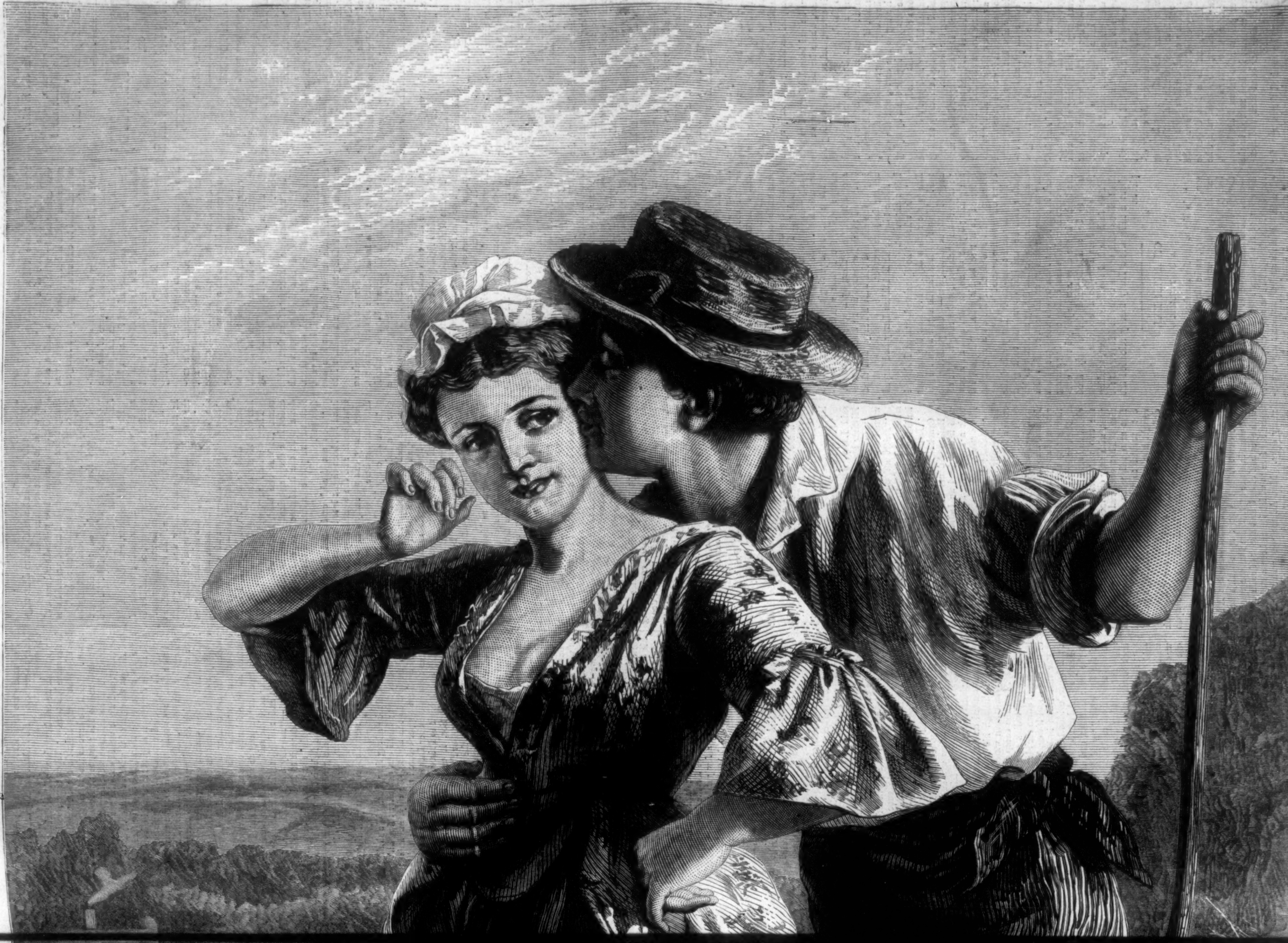
Our beautiful double-page engraving recalls the exquisite old Scottish ballad, *Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town*, the authorship of which is unknown. Though familiar doubtless to many of our readers, they will be glad to have the ballad in connection with the picture:

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
  In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
  And each shepherd woo'd his dear:
      Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
      Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay.
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
  Tho' long he had follow'd the lass;
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
  And merrily turn'd up the grass:
      Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
      Won her heart right merrily.
Yet she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
  Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
  And vow'd she'd forever be true:
      Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
      Won her heart right merrily.
At church she no more frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.



MAKING HAY.—[See Preceding Page.]